

*The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them*

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

### IMPERIALISM AGAIN.

THE country has been stirred of late to its depths by Mr. Wells's official statistics, showing that the "Rich are getting richer, and the poor, poorer;" by the speeches of Senator Sprague, showing how the inordinate love of money and power threatens to "disorganize our whole society;" by the declarations of Senators Fessenden and Trumbull, that American statesmen have degenerated into mere place-seekers and corruptionists; by the appointment of worthless men to responsible trusts; by the disregard of fitness or qualification evinced by the appointing powers; by the exposure but not the punishment of wide-spread frauds and mammoth monopolies in public and private life; by the increase of murders and robberies; by the daily augmenting list of suicides not only of adults but even of children; by the discovery in Boston of 20,000 women who are exposed to starvation, while the supercilious lords and ladies of Beacon Street and Nahant revel in wealth, luxury, and exclusiveness; by the publication of the income-tax lists, showing that in nearly every city, town, village, and hamlet of the United States the bulk of assessable property is held by a handful of persons, while the masses of the population earn, in the aggregate, much less than \$1,000 per capita; and last but not least by the daily increasing lust for more territory, threatening on the one hand to fasten an additional number of heterogeneous populations upon the already sufficiently complicated tangle of American races and nationalities, and on the other, to combine England, France, and Spain against our aggressive policy, and to bring upon the country, in the event of foreign war, the ruin and disgrace of repudiation.

Now, as regards the widening gulf between wealth and poverty, it is rapidly becoming obvious that democratic institutions do less to keep it within bounds and to restrain its evils than has been sanguinely claimed. In the old countries there is a larger proportion of middle classes, the tendency of which is to bridge the gulf between the extravagantly rich and the hopelessly poor; while the tendency here is, as is amply proved by Commissioner Wells, to widen it, until it threatens to become altogether impassable. In Europe, again, there is a culture of the spirit, of the affections, of the imaginative faculties, which makes innumerable families dependent upon small incomes happy in the enjoyment of life, while integrity is subject to less temptation from the fact that people do not universally deem it necessary to become rich all at once, and are content to live modest and retired lives. But with us the universal passion is to make the brain, however little there may be of it, the only vital organ, divorcing it from that cultivation of moral faculties without which society degenerates into materialism, and resulting in that excessive adulation of wealth and power which is fast becoming the blight and curse of American society.

It was not thus in the early days. Our nation was founded by "gentlemen and gentlewomen" who displayed the highest moral and social culture; and the glory achieved by the Republic in the first stage of its existence was due to them and them alone. The period of Washington, Hamilton, and Franklin was the golden age of America, and in the degree that we strayed from the ideal set by these great and good men, and that baser elements began to preponderate among the people and consequently in the councils of the nation, we lowered our destinies and entered upon the process of our decay. It is necessary to keep in view this transition from the gentry to the rowdy period in order to understand how even an admirable system of common-school education, and unprecedented elbow-room for the laboring man, have failed to produce anything like a fair harmony between our material and moral progress. Despite these advantages we engaged in a bloody civil war, professedly waged, indeed, upon the strength of "moral ideas," and redeemed from its many far-reaching and not yet quite fathomable disasters by the abolition of negro slavery. But the historian will nevertheless shudder at the absence of intellectual and statesmanlike power which permitted Americans to cut each other's throats during four long years for the settlement of the slavery or any other question, and will point to the fact as evidence of the lack of civilizing influence in our institutions. Yet granting, for argument's sake, all the glory which the champions of the war associate with its achievements and results, this much is certain, that the spirit which prompted it was not exclusively pure and disinterested. If it had been, it would ere this have asserted its beneficent logic as forcibly in those other spheres of iniquity and oppression which, though less palpable than negro slavery, are only the more dangerous to the commonwealth because they are more insidious. Indeed the Southerners, while they sinned egregiously against the negro, never ceased to charge the Northerners with sinning as heavily against the poor whites, and though the former were unjustly held in bondage while the latter enjoyed all the prerogatives of the richest citizen, the present condition of our non-proprietary classes warrants the conclusion that what was intended by the Southerners as a taunt was not altogether devoid of truth, little right as they might have to cling to one species of wrong in the South because another wrong

was perpetrated in the North. However, let bygones be bygones. We are glad the negroes are free, and hope they will be able to shift for themselves. They at present constitute, together with the European immigrants and their immediate descendants, the people upon whom we depend for our hardest labor. Native Americans, and those descended from European immigrants settled in the country for several generations, wean themselves more and more from hard labor. They endeavor to grow rich at a bound, and many of them who fail in the race become politicians and lawyers, or hang on upon the skirts of government, the lobbies of Congress, and state legislatures. Thus they become members of a powerful but restless, unscrupulous, and adventurous class, the name of which is legion. Some of them carry their devil-may-care aspirations to new territories and sow the seeds of empire far West, anticipating the time when the West joins again the far East; returning after awhile to their old homes, some to the Senate, others to the House, others to speculations in Wall Street, brimful of the freebooter's spirit, and, while they play on the thousand-stringed harp of the demagogue, striving in truth for booty, spoils, power, self. Thus while everywhere on this vast continent, from Maine to Nevada, from Georgia to Alaska, from Wall and State Streets to the gold and silver mines of California and Colorado, a few strong men, more daring, lucky, and successful than the rest, get the upper hand, league together with congressmen for railways and other monopolies, and actually are the rulers of the country, because they control its legislation and handle its resources, the so-called middle classes, who in Europe keep up the balance of social power, are fast disappearing among us, and gradually merging with the masses of the poor, "the rich becoming richer, the poor, poorer."

Meanwhile, too, the principles of humanity, so much dwelt upon by our rhetoricians, demagogues, and gushing journalists, are practically so commonly violated in trade that last week a Boston shopkeeper did not shrink from coolly telling Dr. Lewis that with the starvation wages which he doles out to his workwomen, and with the recumbent position in which they are confined during their labors, the poor creatures become cripples for life after two or three years' service! In truth, on close examination of many of the business establishments in this republic it will be found that the promise of happiness held out by the Declaration of Independence to the children of Columbia too often vanishes as soon as they seek honest employment. Some philosophers think that as this has always been so it must continue to be, but surely we who talk so much about freedom should look to its effects, and when we find the weaker classes no better protected against the strong by democracy than by less happy systems, and faring still worse, inasmuch as they are expected to find in political sentimentalities a compensation for their sufferings, it behooves the thinkers of the age to turn aside from abstractions and glittering generalities, and to concentrate their attention upon concrete facts.

There are certainly bright spots in our civilization—such as the deeds of charitable men, who vest their fortunes in public institutions, and who endow libraries, colleges, and churches. But it is not charity that is so much needed, nor meteoric freaks of princely magnanimity, as greater justice in the daily business intercourse between fellow-beings. When the general animus is that of uncompromising hardness and greed, and when the rich man acquires his wealth by grinding the life out of thousands of laborers upon whose toil he rides to fortune, the good which is done by wholesale charities has only the effect of a death-bed repentance, and works the evil of making the poor depend upon benevolence when their self-respect demands that they should depend solely upon justice. With all our lyceums, institutes, young men's societies, lecturers, and with churches and schools sown broadcast over the land, we have nevertheless to deal with a state of society in which the unrelenting selfishness of the strong toward the weak, of those able to control large establishments and interests toward those who are not, has brought about gigantic frauds and wickedness in public and private life, a sybarite self-indulgence among the upper, with its usual antithesis in the grovelling pauperism of the lower classes. Who will wonder that, goaded to despair by all these discouraging phenomena, some daring spirits should hope for a change by proposing another form of government? To be sure "the third estate" might come to the rescue. But the American press is so free that it is just as much at liberty to join the race of politicians or monopolists as to pursue an independent course. That, however, the press is in too many, if not in most instances, the auxiliary of political charlatanry and corruption; that most of our papers are too dependent on advertisements, upon the support of the ruling classes, to be able to preserve their independence; that many of our leading journals are themselves vast monopolies in which a few take the lion's share, while editors, writers, and printers are ground down to the smallest possible pittance; that establishments run upon this Shylock principle cannot consistently play the part of Antonio—all this is more generally known than is generally expressed, the tendency of American journalism being to be outspoken about everything excepting those things that are unpalatable to the classes upon whom the support of their paper and the consequent profits of shareholders depend.

It is not surprising, then, at a time when the usual forces of society seem to be powerless to arrest the growth of alarming public evils, that men's minds should devise all manner of resources for relief, and even nurse the mistaken thought that mere change in the form of government can ever possibly reach down to the root of any deep social cancer to eradicate

it. Yet good may well come from the discussion of these evils, and the suggestion of any possible remedy for them. Revolting as the proposition of imperialism is to all who cherish and take pride in the republic, the thoughtful citizen will nevertheless do well to ponder over that aspect of our civilization which only by its extreme gravity could have engendered so revolutionary a conception. That we are in the midst of breakers which may endanger the stability of the republic few will deny, except the demagogues and those who thrive by deluding the people. By laying bare the causes that produce these perils, measures may be devised to arrest their progress. At any rate let us not imitate the ostrich, which hides its head in order to become invisible to the enemies who threaten its life.

#### "MANAGING" EDITORS.

PUBLICITY has lately been given—in the first instance by the *Sun* newspaper—to some rather disgraceful business connected with the management of one of the principal New York dailies; and, judging from the undisguised satisfaction of most of its contemporaries over the *exposé*, one might suppose that it afforded proper ground for congratulation, and that the profession of journalism was rather glorified than otherwise by the humiliation of one of its prominent members. This is not a pleasant sight to see, and is certainly not calculated to give the public an exalted idea either of the charity or professional pride of newspaper men. The story, as we gather it from the published accounts, seems to be substantially as follows: A very young writer, with some cleverness and not a little luck, gets into a position for which his experience and knowledge of the world could hardly have qualified him, is beset by temptation, and, as many older and wiser people than he have done before, and will do again, falls. Straightway a chorus breaks forth of mingled tones, but in which exultation is most pronounced and unmistakable. Clearly what is called with fine irony the editorial fraternity must cultivate suppressed hatred toward each other with successful assiduity, or the unfortunate managing editor must have contrived by his own merits to make a good many enemies. At all events Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart have been in full cry at his heels, and of the hundred scribes who before the storm bowed scrupulous respect there now seem few so poor as to do him reverence. The spectacle is old as society itself, but it is not nice. Better have let the stricken deer go quietly away and carve out a new career for himself elsewhere. As this was not to be, however, and as the affair has been magnified into a sort of nine days' wonder, what there is of edification may as well be extracted from it as what there is of scandal. We cannot prevent an *éclaircissement* that has already taken place; and the light thus thrown on the internal management of our daily newspapers is not altogether without interest and instruction. The importance of the whole matter is perhaps over-estimated—just as the intellectual importance of the newspaper chiefly concerned is by some habitually exaggerated—but as one evil will have a tendency to cure the other, we should perhaps be content. It is a doleful thing to learn that such a very nasty kind of rascal has to do with newspapers as "Dear Charley" of the *Sun's* ill-omened correspondence appears to be; but if this disadvantage is coupled with the advantage of enlightening the public as to what callow and uninstructed stuff the directing intelligences of "great metropolitan newspapers" are sometimes made, and what credit such newspapers are consequently entitled to as public guides and teachers, the sorry mess will not be altogether without use, nor, despite his libel suit, will Mr. Dana have directed the rays of his luminary upon its piquant details in vain.

Byron showed more of his real and best self in his incomparable letters than in his poems. The running pen which lifts forth genuine ease and not a simulation of it, delights and instructs in epistolary correspondence as it does in nothing else. We are by this spell let in, as it were, to the very core and sanctuary of the writer's mind, so that, if there is really anything worth looking at there, it is all before us where to choose. The letters of this unlucky managing editor to his "Dear Charley" in like manner, although they may lack the versatile swing, the idiomatic force and raciness of Byron's, have yet not a little of the bard's *abandon* and graceful disregard of cant or troublesome scruples, which add so greatly to the charm of his style, and have helped to fascinate so many since the salad days of the Marquise de Boissy. Thus being brought face to face, too, with the inner nature of the man, it becomes an interesting and improving study to measure and weigh the peculiar qualities which Mr. Greeley's keen perception and long experience taught him were so strikingly adapted to the direction of the *Tribune*. To be the efficient managing editor of such a journal requires, as Mr. Greeley so well knows, a rare combination of valuable qualities. In addition to those manifest desiderata of education, good habits, the power to "stay" in work, and social tact and resource, the proper filling of such a niche makes serious and exacting demands. It requires of a man self-control—the first essential toward controlling others. It requires ripeness of knowledge and experience, the habit of reticence, the vigilant self-respect that prevents a man from putting himself in other men's power, the command of a pure, strong, and copious style—since the wit to censure and the talent to select rarely exist without these, and such critical and discriminative ability are precisely what our functionary should not be without. It requires that a man should be a trustworthy linguist and belles-lettres scholar, that he should have some personal knowledge of the principal foreign countries, their people, politics, and systems;

that he should possess a fair acquaintance with the laws of trade, with the principles of engineering and navigation, and with natural and exact science in general. It requires a fair, discriminative knowledge of the drama and of art, and a comprehensive familiarity with national history, men, and affairs. Some among these qualifications come, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "by nature;" but half an eye and half a head should show that the most indispensable of their number must needs be the fruit of experience. Even genius alone won't do here. Talent is better, with the training that teaches its application. His just appreciation of the importance of all this no doubt it was that led Mr. Greeley into making that happy choice whose wisdom has been so singularly vindicated. Great metropolitan newspapers that may be in want of managing editors hereafter will, it is to be hoped, lay this lesson to heart. We fear—judging, it must be admitted, from but a limited knowledge of the accomplishments of reigning officials—that the discernment and sagacity brought to bear in this field by Mr. Greeley are more rare than they should be. It is comforting to reflect, however, that after this experience no great journal finding itself in need of fresh blood is likely to fail to profit by his inestimable advice and shining example.

#### SOUR CANADIAN GRAPES.

THE premature plucking of fruit usually results in preventing its natural maturity, and rendering what would otherwise be a delicious *bonne bouche* scarcely more palatable than a Dead Sea apple. And this, we fear, will be the case with the Canadian grapes which Senator Chandler and politicians of that ilk are proposing to steal as a *quid pro quo* for Alabama depredations. When the school-boy in the story ate the master's Muscats, he at least went through the formal ceremony of publishing the banns between them and his stomach, only devouring them on the principle that silence gave consent; and when the pedagogue, who was about to punish him for the offence, went through a similar ceremony before applying the birch to a tender part of the culprit's cuticle, the precocious youth successfully pleaded that the parties were not agreed. So, though in a certain sense it would, perhaps, be a desirable thing—that is, desirable for us—to annex the New Dominion to the States, we ought to insist that the union should not be effected unless the two countries are mutually willing. To see our flag waving from the North Pole to the Equator; to have the whole North American continent acknowledge our sway, and its now divided portions contribute their quota to our aggrandizement; this would indisputably gratify our national vanity. Whether it would really add to our greatness in the best sense of the term is problematical, for the true greatness of a nation consists not in the extent of its territory, the size of its armies, or the strength of its navies, but in the cultivation and development of those social virtues and manly graces which form the basis of all stability and prosperity. We much fear that public corruption would be none the less if the territory of the Union were doubled, or public maladministration one whit mitigated by the sense of the increased responsibility which should then rest upon the rulers of the people. It is true that, as far as one can forecast events, it seems to be our destiny year by year to lengthen our cords and extend our stakes; and some even regard the process as essential to our existence, on the theory that growth is an evidence of vitality, and that when we cease to enlarge our borders the first symptoms of decay will have set in. Such analogies, however, are usually fallacious, and generally admit of a two-fold interpretation. Rapid growth is a sign of life, but commonly of a short life. Jonah's gourd grew up in a night, but also perished in a night. The oak, that endures for centuries, is proverbially deliberate in its development; and if there can be any choice in the matter, the genuine patriot will prefer that his country's foundations be laid slowly but firmly upon the adamant rock, rather than rapidly reared upon the shifting sands to fall a prey to the first serious storm that threatens its existence. What we need is not so much territorial extension as internal development. Let us improve what we have before seeking to obtain more. There are hundreds and thousands, and even millions, of acres of good land upon which the plough-share has never yet cut a single furrow. There are boundless natural deposits, only awaiting the artificer and the capitalist to flow in streams of mineral wealth more valuable than the fabled Pactolus. There are swamps to be drained, deserts to be irrigated, valleys to be converted into blooming gardens, prairies to be transformed into golden corn-fields, and highways for commerce to be made through tracts now inhabited by wild beasts or still wilder Indians, but which will one day be the abode of a numerous and prosperous people. This, it seems to us, is the growth we require—a filling out the skeleton framework of the country; a clothing with flesh and muscle—the population and industries of a nation—the mountains and streams which, like the bones and arteries, give shape and solidity to the body corporate, and permeate it in endless ramifications. With the exception of a narrow strip on the east, no part of our continent has yet made anything like an approximation to that high degree of development which is found in European countries. Our farming is superficial; our mining, wasteful and extravagant; our manufactures, dwarfed by high protective duties. These things should receive our first attention, and then, perhaps, in the fulness of time, and on terms and under conditions satisfactory to all parties, Canada will swell the number of stars on our national flag. Whenever this union does take place, however, it ought to be, as we have said, with the consent of the Canadians. We cannot afford to have a Poland in the north and an Ireland in the



south. Our national debt is sufficiently heavy without the additional load which a foreign war would inflict upon the already overburdened poor; and England is not likely to barter the colony as an offset to *Alabama* claims, or to assent quietly to forcible annexation. Any step in this direction, on our part, would certainly lead to a bitter war with her, in which, though we could doubtless overrun and retain Canada, and at the same time pay off old grudges, we should be likely to achieve little gain or glory, and would certainly largely increase the national debt. How far Canada is ripe for annexation may be inferred from a recent speech in the Canadian Parliament by the Hon. Mr. Galt, in a discussion on the expenses incurred in resisting the Fenian invasion. Alluding to the proposition of Senator Chandler, Mr. Galt said that "he believed he would be doing injustice to the American Senate, and to the people, did he believe for one moment that the extraordinary proposition received the countenance and support of the country; but even if the case were possible that England could for an instant entertain such a monstrous proposition as to transfer the Dominion to the States, he thought he would be perfectly justified in saying on behalf of that house, and the people of Canada, that they would be no parties to such a transfer. In such a case the Dominion would claim to be the arbiter of its own destiny." And again, referring to the policy of this country toward Great Britain, which he characterized as an attempt to humiliate her through her Canadian dependencies, he remarked: "He did not believe that England would for one moment give way under any such pressure; and he was quite certain that the people of this country [Canada] would sustain her to a man." The statements that we have italicized, and which were applauded by the House, if they show anything, certainly go to prove that, contrary perhaps to popular impressions here, the Canadians are not particularly anxious to transfer their allegiance south of the St. Lawrence, and that consequently certain noisy fire-eaters must, for the present, content themselves with disappointment. It may be some consolation, however, to Senator Chandler to reflect that, after all, Canada is little more than a succession of snow-covered wastes—another Alaska—and that, in fact, the grapes are sour.

#### BOOKS AND BOOK ADVERTISING.

FOR some time past there have been bitter complaints among the book-sellers. Trade, they say, never was so dull with them or prospects so discouraging. The public seem to have lost all taste or desire for books. People will spend any amount of money to pamper their stomachs at Delmonico's, to see nude women at Niblo's or the Tammany, to hear gross *equivoque* at the Opera Bouffe, to possess rich furniture and fast horses, to smoke fine cigars and drink delicate wines; but the intellectual food without which their brains must needs wither and decay they care nothing about. Even for the staple classics, to be without which is properly a shame to every family who can possibly afford them, there seems to be little or no demand. The pinch of hard times, in a word, closes first upon literature. Men will deny their heads before they will deny their bellies, and mental pleasures, when it comes to a choice, must needs give way to sensual ones. Of course the complaint is sharpest among the small publishers. In such times of trial the weakest naturally go to the wall. It is to be feared that some young and ambitious houses are destined to have their bright hopes cruelly dashed and their worthy struggles ungratefully requited. But even the large houses have been heavy sufferers, and there is no doubt that the book trade has been passing through a season of uncommon depression and stagnation. This state of things has naturally led to the adoption of various devices by way of escaping the general pressure, and some enterprising concerns have started new advertising mediums with the hope of pushing their wares and so being exceptionally successful in bad times. The results, however, have not been favorable, and fresh evidences have been afforded that advertising, to be profitable, must be thrown into channels of known and established publicity. Thus the stringency has been pretty uniformly felt. The heavy concerns with their abundant capital can, of course, afford to hold on and be patient. Some of the humbler ones, after showing many symptoms of distress and making a hard fight for life, will perhaps succumb. The money market will probably, however, soon be relieved, a general revival of business will take place, people will feel richer, and the book trade will share, we may hope, in the return of prosperity.

Meanwhile we are compelled to admit that the depression in this trade has been severe, protracted, and, as compared with other branches, exceptional; and as it is of some importance to the national progress and to civilization in general that the book trade should not suffer such vicissitudes, it may not be unprofitable to inquire into their causes and endeavor to discover if remedies exist which have not yet been applied. It is, we suppose, generally known that the present iniquitous tariff taxes knowledge even more heavily than some things less desirable. The articles consumed in "making" books are kept at absurdly high prices by the duties levied upon them; and as so many of the necessities of life are kept twice as dear as they should be by the same machinery, the margin left for "luxuries"—books are luxuries from different points of view with different readers—is, of course, measurably reduced. As before said, and as is sufficiently palpable in such a pull with the masses, literature must go behind. People get out of the *habit* of buying books—dealers know what a vast difference in their sales this implies—and the business falls into a state of unhealthy

congestion. None of the preceding reasons or excuses, however, in our opinion fully accounts for the discouraging condition of the book trade. Each has some weight, some bearing on the terms of the problem, but neither of them nor all of them combined covers the whole case. We do not believe there is any real necessity that the trade should ever fall into the depressed state it has been in for the past few months. Without sharing in current exaggerated notions about the superior education and intelligence of our countrymen over all the rest of the world, we yet hold that there exists here a larger ratio of miscellaneous readers than elsewhere. The proportion of people who like to read and who will buy to read is very large. But like most other tastes this disposition needs to be regularly met and encouraged. There is no other practical form of encouragement than that of marshalling the tempting wares before the eye of the probable consumer. But how far is this done? The amount of book advertising done in New York compared to that done in London is not more than as *one to ten*; and the disparity between the whole countries—the United States and Great Britain—is probably not much less. Take up almost any London newspaper, dear or cheap, business, literary, or even sporting, and you see column after column of book advertising. Take up the weeklies, such as the *Athenæum* and the *Saturday Review*, and you find, in the season, that the pages of book advertising are actually to be counted by the score. Take up, apart from the literary press, the aristocratic *Morning Post*, the middle class *Daily News*, the humbler *Telegraph* and *Star*—they all rejoice in favors from the booksellers such as similar organs here never dream of receiving. Now, we venture to say that the book trade in America, unpropitious as things have been for it of late, would never have decayed as it has but for this stupendous mistake of scanty and feeble advertising. We can say this with a better grace since the *Round Table* has certainly had less to complain of in this respect than any similar journal ever established in the country. The public will not buy books with the names of which they are not familiar, and there is no branch of business in which publicity is so vitally essential to success.

Publishers often say they cannot afford to advertise; but how do the English publishers afford it? It is true advertising rates may be on the average a little lower with them, but on the other hand their editions are usually very small; and if our boasts of superior intelligence are well founded we should not be afraid of putting that intelligence to the test. The objection, however, is utterly untenable. Anybody can afford to advertise who has an article to sell the supply of which is practically unlimited, and the demand for which can consequently be made the same. Advertising is seed which will bring forth ten or a hundred fold, according to its own quality and that of the soil in which it is sown. Our publishers need to get into a much more cosmopolitan way of doing business. Their public is large enough and intelligent enough; but the public will never be weaned from sensual tastes to intellectual ones, never will be brought from bar-rooms and cigar-shops and theatres to the counters of the booksellers, until the latter are willing widely, boldly, and persistently to proclaim what they have to sell. Insufficient advertising is the curse of the American book trade, and that trade will never be what it might be until this barrier is removed. The fact that the houses most notoriously staunch and prosperous, the houses that do a paying business even in the worst of times, are the heaviest and most indefatigable advertisers, is a proof of the accuracy of our assumption that cannot be gainsaid.

#### THE REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

FEW things are more conclusively established in this commonplace day and practical land than the utter abolition of the romantic element of life. People who read Mrs. Radcliffe and the *Ledger*—and there are those beside ourselves, we are credibly informed, who are in the habit of reading both—must often heave a sigh of regret for the vanished and delightful mysteries commemorated in those obsolete but fascinating pages. Not the subtlest effort of imagination can again people the prosaic walks of daily life with the weird shapes that haunted every nook and corridor of Otranto's enchanted and enchanting castle. The lonely wayside inn which was wont to be the very nursery and stronghold of romance has become disgustingly commonplace and safe. No ingenious trapdoor opens to engulf the slumber of the unsuspecting traveller; no horrent spectre with flaming eyes and hollow voice emerges from the wall to menace and dismay; no lovely and compassionate barmaid clammers in at the window to warn of the murderous landlord and to save from his sanguinary toils; no foe the chance sojourner has to dread more deadly than the susurrent mosquito or the insidious cimex. The secret doors and hidden stairways and subterranean passages, the unbodied voices, the irresponsible skeletons, and unaccountable knights that made beautiful and thrilling the ways of a preternatural past have for ever disappeared. That whole charming web of mediæval romance the ruthless besom of modern enlightenment has swept into dust and oblivion. We are encompassed with an atmosphere of almost oppressive reality, and it is a genuine relief when some unusually ingenious murder or flagrant fall of unsuspected respectability gives us a brief respite from the tyranny of the commonplace. To be sure there is Mr. Home, who is said to float in and out of windows and around rooms as though he were favored of all the genii of the *Arabian Nights*; and the Davenport Brothers, with their flying banjos and shadowy hands, are certainly mysterious enough. But the phenomena of spiritualism we have

grown so accustomed to that they have long ceased to satisfy our cravings for the *bizarre*; and there is, beside, an uncomfortable suspicion of jugglery about their most wonderful developments that detracts greatly from the effect. Mr. Mumler and his photographs are a shock to the hardest faith. So we are fain to content ourselves with Mrs. Radcliffe and Mr. Cobb junior, and sigh all the harder for the perished glories we may not realize.

To us in this awful plight comes the *Imperialist* with half-hinted revelations of so stupendous a kind that long-slumbering Romance seems to awake at once upon her olden throne. The very notion of an empire extending its gigantic sway over a continent to which Rome's vastness was insignificant, is in itself a most attractive vision. Already we seem to see in anticipation the splendors of that noble realm, the gleaming of its purple and gold, the impressive brilliance of its court. With what added stateliness Duke Sumner will give the law to the Imperial Senate; with what ceremonious courtesy Count Zachary Chandler will reply to the polished philippic of Rev. Lord Brownlow! What a pageant the streets will be, with numberless duchesses and countesses riding along in gilded chariots and flaming coronets, as fine as peacocks and bold as brass, and how the heraldry market will go up! The sturdiest democrat of us all, we trow, cannot repress a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of wearing the knightly spur and the lordly ermine; and when we are all archdukes and princes and barons, how we shall take a long-delayed revenge by looking down upon and scorning the wretched representatives of a decayed European aristocracy!

This is a glorious anticipation, and one that our readers may well feel happy in regarding. But what will they say when they learn that the dream has become a reality, that the empire is a fact, that the republic has been overthrown and our lands already parcelled out among the conquerors. In the last number of the *Imperialist* the dread secret is disclosed. To all appearances the government is still a union of states under the federal administration of President Grant. But appearances are deceptive. President Grant is a nonentity, the states have become provinces, embracing, instead of municipal corporations, various Civil and Military colonies, and the empire is organized under the arbitrary sway of the Head of the T. C. I. O. We don't know who he is; we don't suppose anybody knows who he is. Like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, or the President of the Fenian Brotherhood, or the Wandering Jew, or the Man in the Iron Mask, or the proprietor of the last gift enterprise, or the publisher of the *Imperialist*, or James Fisk, Jun., mystery enshrouds and shields him in its awful shadow. As to what the T. C. I. O. is we are equally in the dark. Ingenuity has exhausted itself against the adamantine impenetrability of those cabalistic letters. Turbulent Confraternity of Infuriated Office-seekers was our most probable guess, but that we dismiss as lacking dignity, though in suggestion of numbers comprehensive enough. Then we thought of Terrible Consolidated Independent Ostragoths, which sounded well, but was open to the charge of not meaning much; while Truculent Confederation of Imperial Organizers, though plausible, seemed prosaic. So we gave it up, and relegated the riddle to that class of unsolved and insoluble enigmas wherein S. T. 1860 X., and General Grant's unrevised correspondence, hold honorable place.

This failure, however, only enhances the awe which invests the entire affair. There is something captivating while terrifying in the strength of this unknown and mysterious power, from the shelter of its obscurity swaying individual destinies as well as subverting sovereign states. One thinks of the Vehmgericht and the Carbonari, whose secret tribunals usurped all the functions of constituted authority. Their emissaries and ministers swarmed through society, and no man's ways or speech went unnoted. So it is, doubtless, with the T. C. I. O. The greengrocer who supplies our coffee and sugar may be the officer in command of a civil and military colony; our bootmaker may be the pro-consul of our province; the crossing-sweeper, whose humble supplication we haughtily refuse, for aught we know may be a lictor detailed to ascertain the extent of our disaffection to the empire. And following this train of thought we may readily see what circumspection becomes necessary in all our dealings. A dispute, for example, with our butcher, may subject us to the displeasure of a consul; delay in settling Mr. Jones's little bill may bring down on us the vengeance of the T. C. I. O. Regarded in any light this revelation is worthy of thoughtful and anxious scrutiny.

It will be observed that the new empire is closely modelled after the empire of the Cæsars. Pro-consuls govern its provinces; consuls and tribunes, centurions and decurions, command its armies. Perhaps, with the polity, the religion and the customs of Rome will be reinstated, and the inauguration of the first emperor signalized by a public sacrifice to Jupiter on Capitol Hill. Are we quite prepared for that? Are we quite prepared to see Plymouth Church converted into a temple of Aphrodite, with Mr. Beecher as high priest; or Mr. Emerson officiating as chief augur at some new Bostonian oracle? Mr. Swinburne, to be sure, would be delighted, and probably come to live with us directly, but we must say good-by to the charms of *Orphée aux Enfers* and the beauties of *Ixion*. Mlle. Tostée and her blasphemous coadjutors would doubtless be burnt at the stake, and the fair Lydia condemned to share the punishment of the hapless king she represents on some eternal and infernal monocycle.

These are grave questions, which our readers would do well to ponder

before giving in their adhesion to the T. C. I. O. In the meantime, it is suggestive to learn from the same number of the *Imperialist* that there is in the land a counter organization, strong, resolute, and fearless, pledged to resist every movement toward monarchy. It is called The Knights of the Gleaming Dagger, a name of terrific and thrilling import. Their numbers may be estimated from the fact that there are a hundred thousand of them in New Haven alone, and they warn the undaunted editor of the *Imperialist* that he had better leap into the alembic of hell than encounter them. The editor derides and defies them, and snaps his fingers at the alembic; and backed as he is by the T. C. I. O., we may well believe him fortified against every assault. But the time cannot be long before these two mysterious but powerful orders come into collision—and then? We call upon the government to institute an inquiry into this business.

#### MERCHANTS AND SPECULATORS.

SENATOR SPRAGUE made the following remarks in a recent speech in the Senate:

"We condemn speculators and gold-gamblers and stock-jobbers. I have been led into that error myself. But, sir, those gentlemen but occupy the position that they have been taught to occupy, and they avail themselves of a perfectly legitimate trade and business. The fault is, that the Congress of the United States, under the advice of bad advisers, leaves open the opportunities for money-making in that department, inducing the people of the whole country, who have capital, to employ their means in those operations, withdrawing them from the business interests of the country. Sir, you set the example of speculation when you, in order to create a better value for your legal tenders, make them scarce. What more have Drew and Fisk and Gould done?—and yet you condemn them. What more did Vanderbilt do when he convulsed the market in his efforts to place Harlem where he did? You do the same thing exactly, under the sacred sanction of law, and in behalf of a great people. You are a stock-jobber and gold-gambler as much as they. If the country is prosperous, why is it that you are convulsed with failures and bankruptcies? Why are your newspapers and your courts filled day by day in every village, in every town, and in every city of this country, with accounts of bankruptcies? There were twenty-six hundred failures in 1867, twenty-six hundred failures in 1868, and God only knows what will be the extent of them for 1869."

With every respect for the senator from Rhode Island, we must say that in dealing with our vast commercial and financial affairs he has failed to give a comprehensive explanation of those peculiar characteristics of the American people which lead them rather to shine as jobbers and gamblers than to excel as merchants. Under democratic institutions every one aspires to become a millionaire. Not that in England and Continental Europe the desire for wealth is less general or intense than in America, but the institutions of foreign countries place restraints upon individual cravings after sudden riches altogether unknown in our political and social traditions. Hence, in the great emporiums of Europe her merchant princes bring to the pursuit of commerce more thoughtfulness and culture than are usually found in the same class in this country. English enterprise has ransacked the world for the purpose of extending her commercial relations, and has thus developed that mercantile and maritime supremacy which constitutes the greatest element of British power. But the process of these commercial ventures was slow and painstaking, involved solid mental power and experience, taxed perseverance, and culminated only in success through the utmost steadiness, patience, and energy. By the exercise of these qualities England built up her colonial and political supremacy, and laid the foundation for that manufacturing activity which could never have been developed to its present extent if English merchants and sailors had not created new markets in which to exchange commodities wrought in English factories and workshops for the raw produce of foreign countries.

While the Rhode Island manufacturer-senator pointed to the phenomena of our national industry, he missed an excellent opportunity to give a statesmanlike *exposé* of the peculiar causes producing them. It has become somewhat the fashion to attribute our declining foreign commerce and navigation to the depredations of Anglo-Rebel cruisers during the war; but what evidence was there before the outbreak of this conflict of our maritime genius? The cotton business made a tremendous show in favor of our activity, but the ability displayed in the production of this staple was but limited. Cotton in the South was almost as abundant as gold in California; but though the cotton-planters, as well as the gold-diggers, were entitled to some credit for their industry, there was little opportunity for the exercise of genius. It may be safely asserted that this most fertile of all American branches of trade enriched Europe quite as much, if not more, than it did America. It built up Liverpool and Manchester, and gave a great impetus to English manufactures. And since the interruption of the cotton trade with the South, by the civil war, the conduct of English merchants has been such as again to illustrate our argument that there are mental forces and experiences at work in the European commercial world the like of which do not as yet exist in the United States. Mr. Sprague says:

"This Senate must know facts connected with the industries of this country. I told you two years ago that you had lost your monopoly of cotton, and nobody believed it; nobody will believe it now; but you have lost for ever your sea-island cotton. Go to the South and make inquiries there. It is a thing that was, and the whole South is to-day trying to find a substitute in the rami or China grass, that will grow more prolifically, whereby they can replace that which has been lost. I tell you, sir, that in five years, that which of itself was a monopoly, and has now ceased to be a monopoly, will cease to be a profitable business to those who are engaged in it. One-half of the cotton used by Great Britain is to-day received from Egypt, India, and Brazil; and the cotton that is produced by India, by Egypt, and by Brazil is equal for all necessary purposes to that produced in this country."

How has this vacuum, created in European industry by the collapse of American cotton exportations, been so rapidly filled up by cotton from Egypt, India, Brazil, Greece, and Turkey? The superficial reasoner may think that the rise in the value of cotton was all-sufficient to stimulate the cultivation of the fibre wherever the soil permitted it. No doubt this had considerable influence, but yet the growth of cotton cultivation in these countries would not have been so rapid had it not been specially fostered and encouraged by English manufacturers.



Our so-called statesmen, in dealing with public questions, are but too apt to flatter national vanity in legislating on those tender points which cannot bear the ordeal of searching analysis, without disclosing the fact that the evils inhere in the character of the people. How much more statesmanlike it would be for public men to trace up the phenomena of our civilization to their great central causes. They would then discover that while the great bulk of our drudgery is left to be done by European immigrants and their immediate descendants, the American, from the moment he aspires to become what is called a gentleman, shuns not only manual labor, but that mental activity which the higher spheres of commercial life demand, and betakes himself to jobs and speculations which, like gambling and lottery operations, hold out the temptation of making immense fortunes without corresponding methodical travail, care, skill, and experience. Of late much has been said about the house of Mr. A. T. Stewart, and some houses that have sought to rival him. Similar houses exist on Parisian Boulevards, on Oxford Street, and in Amsterdam. They are not merchants' establishments, such as those of the English in India, Egypt, and the Levant. They are simply mammoth retailers, whose growth and success are chiefly produced by purely local circumstances, and contribute little to the maritime enterprise of the country. The unprecedented luxury in which our women indulge—the natural counterpart of the jobbing and gambling proclivities of our so-called business men—has been the architect of Mr. Stewart's fortune. But if his enterprise has any influence upon the prosperity of nations, it is certainly mainly upon that of France and England, whose manufacturers have found a new El Dorado in that love of finery of the American ladies to which Mr. Stewart caters with such notable success. Our wealthy men are found among our shop-keepers, the importers of European commodities, land, stock, railway, and gold jobbers. We have no merchants in the English sense of the word. The founder of our richest family acquired his fortune by bartering with the Indians. It was local trade, not foreign; and a local trade, too, in which the half-witted Indian was outwitted by the superior craft of the European immigrant. The house of Russell & Co., in China, was founded by Massachusetts traders, but it is American only in name; virtually it is an English house, as is also that of Maxwell, in Brazil, and some other American establishments abroad.

We are far from denying that there are some merchant-like establishments in New York and Boston; but they are like a drop to the ocean of our riches, and have utterly failed in giving to American commerce that place in the trade of the world which is indispensable to our influence and prosperity. We believe that the old race of our Yankee East-India and China merchants is fast dying out, and being replaced by a generation untrained to steady commercial pursuits. The war has no doubt intensified the modern tendency to acquire wealth without labor. But the tendency itself is to be traced to the changes wrought by democratic institutions upon an immense and heterogeneous population, in which the proprietary class has weaned itself more and more from all steady application of the intellect, and is content to revel in land, railway, and other speculations, with little or no care for the prosperity of their country. National grandeur, without a preponderating share in the commerce of the world, is a delusion. Europe still continues to be the mistress of this universal commerce; and our share in it, even on our own continent, is so ridiculously small that England and France laugh at our pretensions. The improvement of character, the cultivation of those habits of laborious thoughtfulness, which distinguish the great traders of Europe, and these alone, can give us a race of merchants who will successfully apply themselves to the study and development of a world-encircling commercial and maritime enterprise. In such an avocation fortunes are not accumulated as rapidly as in keeping a popular dry goods store or in dabbling in Erie, in gold, in stock, in Western land, railway-schemes, subsidies for telegraph and steamboat companies, or in insurance and bank companies. It requires the exercise of knowledge, experience, and thought, such as no gambler and jobber ever dreams of; and we cannot expect to see capitalists behaving otherwise than they do, unless, on the one hand, the character of the people is elevated, and, on the other, statesmen deal less superficially and ignorantly with these vital questions, which determine as they eventually must the success or failure of democratic institutions.

## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AFFAIRS.

ON the 29th ult. Drs. George Blank and Voelker, of New York, were committed to jail on a charge of causing the death of Ellen Carlock, of Hoboken, New Jersey. In prison the former, who is 60 years of age, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and gashing his arms and stomach, but failed in consequence of his elbow striking the cell wall, altering the direction of the razor he was using and preventing the wound in the throat from being fatal.—The negro Lane was hanged at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 29th ult., for the murder of his sixth wife. Four of his previous wives died under suspicious circumstances, but the fifth escaped him.—In a family quarrel at Montgomery, Ohio, on the 29th ult., Abraham Crest shot Alonzo C. Mueller with a double-barrelled gun while the latter was at dinner. The seduction of a married sister of Crest is alleged as the cause of the catastrophe.—At Rye Neck, Gilbert Robinson, a jeweller, was found dead in his store on the 27th ult., having been killed by a blow on the head from some blunt weapon.—At Peekskill, New York, April

28, a colored infant was sewn up alive in a bag and thrown into a pond. The murderers have been arrested.—Mary Tooney threw herself from the third story window of a lunatic asylum at Rochester, N. Y., on the 28th ult., and was instantly killed.—Mary C. Miller has confessed to stealing some months ago, from the Everett House, New York, diamonds, a gold watch, and other articles valued at \$2,643. The thief and the receiver have been committed for trial.—On the 27th, George Hudson, a negro from Hartford, dragged a girl of thirteen into the woods near New Haven, Conn., and violated her. He is in custody.—Mittie Clark, alias Mrs. Brinslow, residing in Amity Street, New York, was shot on the 27th by Edward J. Martin, Jr., a young gentleman of nineteen, and son of the proprietor of the Southern Hotel, in Broadway, with whom she had been on terms of intimacy. Jealousy and revenge at the connection being severed by the lady were the motives for the crime. Mrs. Brinslow was dangerously wounded.—The captain of the schooner *Twilight* has been committed for trial at Boston on a charge of purposely casting away his vessel on the high seas.—Josephine Brown, charged with the murder of her adopted child, has been acquitted.—Two little boys recently committed suicide by hanging at Vermont, Ill.

The steamer *St. Elmo* exploded near Mobile, April 26. The steward was blown overboard and drowned, and six of the crew seriously burnt and bruised.—While an adopted daughter of Edward Dillon, of North Oxford, Mass., was going to bed her clothing took fire and she was burned to death. The flames extended to the house, which, with the barn adjoining, was also consumed.—Three men were precipitated forty feet from a scaffold in Rochester, N. Y., on the 26th; one was fatally and the other two dangerously wounded.—A Croton main burst in New York on the 28th, flooding the sunken vacant squares in the streets and driving out the occupants of the shanties. One shanty was completely washed away, and the inmates had a narrow escape from drowning.

At Chicago, April 26, a row of stores were burnt down; loss \$150,000.—In Fifty-seventh Street, New York, a large distillery was recently destroyed by fire, caused by the bursting of a still. Total loss \$100,000.—The Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, was destroyed by an incendiary fire, April 20.—At a fire at Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 24, Thomas Kelley, an Irishman, was caught by the falling debris, and burned to death.—A cotton factory was burnt down at Wauertown, N. Y., April 20.—About 300 acres on Fishkill mountain were overrun by a disastrous fire a few days ago. The destruction of the young timber was the chief damage, but several houses narrowly escaped the flames.—At Philadelphia the depot of the Germantown and Philadelphia Railroad, erected in 1832 and said to be the oldest passenger depot in the country, was burnt on the 28th ult. Damage to cars, freight, etc., \$40,000.—The Philadelphia Skating Rink shared the same fate April 29. Cost of building, \$80,000.

According to a contemporary, a gentleman in Hornellsville, Steuben County, recently bought a velocipede, for which he paid \$100; broke a plate-glass window, for which he paid \$40; cut his face and neck, for which he paid the doctor \$5; ruined one pair of pantaloons, for which he paid \$11; frightened a horse so that the animal ran away and broke a buggy, for which he paid damages amounting to \$60; and, to cap the climax, finally smashed his velocipede by running into a brick wall, leaving him \$216 out of pocket and a court-plastered face to show for it.

The Central and Union Pacific Railroad Companies have nearly completed the continental line from Omaha to Sacramento. Only a few miles remain to be built, but that is heavy work, and the junction of the two roads will probably be delayed till about the 15th inst. The San Franciscans are already making arrangements to celebrate the completion of the enterprise. The locomotives designed to make the pioneer through trip have just been finished.

The *Columbus* (Miss.) Judge relates a fight between a Mr. George Coleman and a lion. Mr. Coleman attacked the animal with a Spencer rifle and a fierce bull-dog. After an exciting contest, in which the dog did good service, the lion was finally killed. The animal measured nine feet, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. It is supposed to have escaped from a travelling menagerie.

A maddened ox recently created great excitement in Providence, R. I., by dashing wildly through the streets, and attacking the pedestrians. After a short but adventurous career the animal was shot. Providentially no graver results followed.

The last of a famous herd of moose that twenty years ago roamed around the head of L'Anse Bay was recently shot near Torch Lake. His head was of monstrous size, measuring thirty-three inches from the tip of the nose to the crown.

Princeton College, New Jersey, Alumni Association celebrated its first annual dinner at Delmonico's, April 30, when speeches were delivered by Hon. William C. Alexander, President McCosh, Revs. Dr. Hall, Dr. Cuyler, and others.

At Syracuse, on the 30th, a bridge over the Erie canal fell in as a fire-engine was crossing it. The machine is a complete wreck, two men on it were seriously hurt, and the horses killed.

At the Jersey City Rink, on the 23d, Walter Brown, the velocipedist, rode fifty miles in four hours and twenty minutes. Brown neither drinks nor smokes, and is a man of fine physique, intelligent countenance, and gentlemanly deportment.

The members of the New York Union League Club recently presented Thomas Nast, the artist, with a beautiful silver vase, suitably inscribed, in recognition of his services to the cause of the Union.

By a decision of the new Secretary of the Interior, a change of residence or abandonment of land entered under the Homestead Act, for more than six months at any one time, works a forfeiture thereof to the government.

Two professional bruisers, Doherty, an Irishman, and Hammond, an Englishman, had an encounter near Richmond, Va., on the 28th, lasting two hours and ten minutes. After eighty-six rounds Doherty was declared the winner.

The new postmaster at Indianapolis has discovered at his office a large quantity of undistributed mail matter which arrived during the winter.

William Goodwillie, twenty-five years old, died from hydropsia at Chicago on the 26th ult. A sulphur vapor bath was tried, but without effect.

The African explorer Mr. Paul Du Chaillu has just completed a successful series of lectures to children at Steinway Hall, New York.

General Patrick H. Jones has been appointed postmaster at New York. The freshest on the Mississippi is high.

The interesting spirit-photography case, in which Mumler the defendant was charged with obtaining money under false pretences, has ended in an acquittal; the prosecution having failed to show that the photographs were taken by any of the processes known to photographers.

According to the San Francisco *Alla*, President Grant, attended by Vice-President Colfax and other celebrities, will visit California during the coming summer.

The cricket match between California and Victoria was won by the latter.

A strike is imminent among the anthracite coal miners of Pennsylvania.

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Life Peerages bill, in the Lords, and the Disestablishment bill, in the Commons, are making satisfactory progress in the British Parliament. A large public meeting was held in London on the 3d inst., to protest against the latter. Resolutions were passed condemning the bill and calling upon the Lords to alter or reject it.—Serious riots occurred on the 28th ult., in Londonderry, between the Catholics and Orangemen; firearms were freely used, and two persons killed. The efforts of the police and the presence of the military put an end to the affray.—The affairs of Ireland, and particularly the speech of the Mayor of Cork, at a banquet given to the released Fenians, Warren and Costello, were the subject of parliamentary discussion on the 30th, in which both Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone took part.—A mass meeting of the citizens of Cork was held on the 3d, at which the mayor's speech was warmly endorsed.—At Newmarket the "two thousand guineas stakes" was won by *Pretender*; the "one thousand," by *Scottish Queen*.—Mr. Sumner's recent speech on the *Alabama* question has been severely criticised by the London press.—A couple of international boat-races, between Harvard and Oxford, and Cambridge, have been arranged. The course is to be from Putney to Mortlake, in four-oared boats, with coxswains, and will take place some time at the close of the summer.—A rich, eccentric lady, who believed herself the bride of Christ, recently died. A large and costly arm-chair in her drawing-room was intended for the judgment seat. The bed in the bridal-chamber cost \$5000, the whole furniture of the two rooms, prepared for the bridegroom, being worth \$125,000.—The excellent cartoons in *Vanity Fair* have given that periodical an extraordinary circulation, and the proprietors are making a fortune.—Sir Eardley C. Eardley, sentenced some time ago to imprisonment for bigamy, has been released before the expiration of his sentence, on the plea of ill health.

It is reported in Havana that the revolutionary governor of Cinco-Villas has been captured and executed. Two suspicious vessels were captured off the coast of Vuelta Abajo, but proved to be wreckers. According to one report, the news from the Eastern department of the island has of late been favorable to the government; but another states that the revolution there is gaining strength, and that the Spanish troops, constantly harassed by the Cubans, are suffering greatly from scarcity of supplies and sickness. A Draconic proclamation has been issued by the Spanish commander in that district. A report is in circulation of a conflict between a monitor and Spanish men-of-war. The second battalion of volunteers has shown symptoms of insubordination. The revolutionary party lately held a meeting at which resolutions were passed declaring that the war was one for independence from Spain, and annexation to the United States. Quesada was elected generalissimo of the revolutionary armies. Several members of the revolutionary committee are reported to have been captured by the Spaniards.

The Spanish conscription has been completed. Disturbances were caused by its enforcement at Seville and Avila, but were slight and easily suppressed. The President of the Cortes has refused to permit one of the members to advocate atheistical principles. The amendment to the constitution to maintain the present unity of the Catholic religion and worship was rejected. The republicans are about to start a national petition in favor of a republic. The debate on the constitution has closed. All amendments have been rejected. An amnesty has been granted to the insurrectionists of Cadiz, Malaga, and Xeres.

The British Minister to China contradicts the assertion that the Chinese desire progress. The Catholic missionaries in Te-Chuen, with several hundred converts, are reported to have been massacred. Hatred of foreigners appears to be gaining ground. An imperial edict prohibiting the cultivation of the poppy has caused some excitement among opium dealers. It is announced that Mr. J. Ross Browne agrees with the Chinese government in declaring that the mining laws of California which discriminate against the Chinese are in contravention of treaty stipulations between the United States and China. The disturbances in North Japan are not yet ended.

At the sitting of the Prussian Diet on the 24th ult., Count Bismarck stated that the convention made with the United States for the protection of emigrants on shipboard had so far failed of any practical results, owing to the obstacles in the way of establishing an international tribunal for the adjudication of the cases of complaint arising under the treaty.

The French ocean cable will soon be finished and shipped on board the *Great Eastern*. Its total length will be 3,033 nautical miles. The Corps Législatif adjourned *sine die* amid cries of *Vive l'Empereur* from the government members and *Vive la Liberté* from the opposition. A mixed commission for the settlement of commercial questions between France and Belgium has been agreed upon.

The Mazzinian conspiracy recently discovered in Milan appears to have been wide-spread. Owing, as is supposed, to representations made by the Italian government, the Swiss authorities have requested Mazzini, who resides at Lugano, near the Italian border, to leave Switzerland.

At Montreal the printers are out on strike.—A true bill has been found against Chaloner for the murder of Ensign Whittaker.—The Great Western Railway freight-house at Chatham was burnt down on the 30th ult.; loss \$100,000.—A bridge was swept away by the flood at Granby, and eleven lives lost.

All accounts agree in representing the state of Greece as in every respect unsatisfactory. She has a bankrupt exchequer, a discredited policy, a languishing agriculture, and provinces infested by the most barbarous brigands in Europe.

The finances of Portugal are in a disordered state, and the ministers are preparing extensive economical reforms.

Lopez is reported to be again preparing to take the field with ten thousand men.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

#### CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP.\*

WE read these valuable essays some months ago in the English edition, and yet we can honestly say that we have read the American edition from beginning to end. And they will still bear reading at least half a dozen times, which is more than we should be willing to say of any other essays we are acquainted with, except, perhaps, those of Bacon and Sainte-Beuve. To praise these *Chips* in general terms would be an impertinence. No one who has read Professor Müller's two volumes of *Lectures on the Science of Language* requires to be reminded of the author's wonderful style, of the enthusiasm which he is capable of throwing into his subjects, or of his profound and varied learning. Max Müller is a man who combines German thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and grasp with English good sense and clearness of statement. He is the son of a poet of no mean order, and possesses in a high degree what most accurate scholars lack, namely, a vivid imagination, and the power of placing himself in the position of other people and seeing the world through their eyes. This, of course, presupposes in him wide sympathies, a profound respect for the spiritual in man, and a corresponding aversion to everything purely materialistic in its tendency. Indeed, his whole interest and efforts centre in the development of mind and its manifestations in language, customs, mythology, and religion. He glories in the motto: "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*." He is not a philosopher in the ordinary sense of the term, and has no great admiration for metaphysics or metaphysicians. He thinks that truth with regard to mind can best be arrived at by the method of the sciences, that is, inductively. At the same time he is wise enough and learned enough to be able to laugh at all such ideas as a chemistry of the human mind, and to distinguish clearly between that which is conditioned by time and space and that which is not. A single extract from his preface will show his position:

"There are philosophers, no doubt, to whom both Christianity and all other religions are exploded errors, things belonging to the past, and to be replaced by more positive knowledge. To them the study of the religions of the world could only have a pathological interest, and their hearts could never warm at the sparks of truth that light up, like stars, the dark yet glorious night of the ancient world. They tell us that the world has passed through the phases of religious and metaphysical errors, in order to arrive at the safe haven of positive knowledge of facts. But if they would but study positive facts, if they would but read, patiently and thoughtfully, the history of the world as it is, not as it might have been; if they would see that, as in geology, so in the history of human thought, theoretic uniformity does not exist, and that the past is never altogether lost. The oldest formations of thought crop out everywhere, and, if we dig but deep enough, we shall find that even the sandy desert in which we are asked to live rests everywhere on the firm foundation of that primeval yet indestructible granite of the human soul—religious faith."

Every one knows the sneer of that brilliant Frenchman, M. Taine, to the effect that Max Müller, in order to naturalize in England the study of the *Veda*, was obliged to find in it the moral God of Paley and Addison. This is very good from M. Taine's stand-point, but it is also very unjust. M. Taine is a small man compared with Max Müller, and altogether unable to appreciate him. Max Müller, indeed, is very careful not to wound the religious feelings of those among whom it is his lot to live; but while he acknowledges the superiority of Christian civilization to every other, he never fails, in his gentlemanly but firm manner, to rebuke bigotry, narrowness, and uncharitableness wherever they appear, and to acknowledge the truth in whatever creed he finds it. For example, he does not hesitate to say of the moral code of Buddhism: "That moral code, taken by itself, is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known;" and he criticises with considerable severity Hardwick's *Christ and other Masters*.

There is one point of view from which the republication of these essays in America must be regarded as an event of no ordinary importance. For a considerable number of years there has been a dispute between two parties of educationists, those, namely, who advocate the exclusive or pre-eminent claims of classical studies, and those who would curtail or altogether banish them in favor of modern science and mathematics. From a combination of circumstances the scientific party seems of late years to have been gaining ground. Science now occupies a more prominent position in all our educational institutions than ever it did before; and, like all popular novelties, it is inclined to be overweening and intolerant. It is young, as yet, and has much to learn from its tutelary deity, experience. Its principles are not very profound, and for that reason are easily mastered by the ordinary intellect. It has a close connection with the affairs of every-day life, and the direct application of much of it to commercial and material interests can readily be shown. In a word, science is useful, and that is what our age demands above all things. Material comfort, with just enough of education to enable us to enjoy it, is what we, for the most part, consider the main object of life. While, however, science has been rising in public esteem, those studies which were formerly considered of chief importance in a liberal education have been falling into disrepute. Not only here in America, but in several European countries, the question is daily asked: What is the use of spending the most receptive period of boyhood and youth in the study of subjects which will not fit persons for future usefulness? Why study Greek and Latin and philosophy and all those things that you cannot make use of in the store, the counting-house, or the public office? And this is hardly to be wondered at. Classical studies have long been pursued with so much exclusiveness that the marvel is the reaction did not come ere this. Besides, these studies, as pursued hitherto, have for the most part occupied far too narrow a basis, aiming at producing a one-sided, exclusive, and pedantic erudition rather than a generous, expansive culture. The literature of Greece and Rome has been considered classical; almost every other, barbarian. Toward the close of the last century, however, owing in a great measure to the influence of Herder, this exclusive devotion to, and admiration of, Greek and Roman literature began to give way, and since that time, by reason of many circumstances, more particularly of the discovery of Sanskrit, the field of philology has been gradually widening. Philologists now, instead of confining their attention wholly to two languages, extend it to several hundreds, and have thus called into existence a new science—the Science of Language; which, again, has been followed by a Science of Religion, a Science of

\* *Chips from a German Workshop*. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Volume I: Essays on the Science of Religion. Volume II: Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.



Mythology, a Science of History, and a Science of Folk-lore. These constitute what is now, in Germany at least, understood by the term philology.

While Germany, and even England, have, particularly during the last fifteen years, been widening enormously their philological basis, we in this country have been, and still are, pertinaciously adhering to our old classical conservatism. The result is that our philology, being behind the times and unable to meet the demands of the present, is justly scouted and in a great measure supplanted by physical science. This fact is at last bringing American philologists to their senses, and we are glad to see that they intend, in the course of the summer, to organize a "National Society for the Promotion of Philological Studies and Research." When, however, we look at the programme of questions proposed for discussion we cannot but predict that, unless it is redeemed by the essays, little good will come of it. It is evidently an attempt to revive the old narrow system, not an effort to introduce and foster in America philology in all its breadth and depth. The questions proposed are for the most part trivial in the highest degree, and, what is worse, not a single one of them is, strictly speaking, a philological question at all. It may be important for heads of colleges to know how much time should be occupied "in a collegiate course" by certain studies, and what position these should hold; it may be well for professors and teachers to learn the best method of pronouncing and teaching the classical languages, but these things have no more connection with philology than questions regarding the various modes of erecting and warming school-houses have. We never hear of medical professors holding a convention to decide upon the best means of teaching anatomy. The fact is, that our philologists could not have done anything that will tend more than this programme to make them and their cause ridiculous, and to play into the hands of the advocates of physical science. Well may the latter point the finger of scorn and say, These are the subjects that occupy the attention of your classical men! It is really too bad that, while European philologists are daily more and more earnestly striving to bring within the grasp of philology all the facts and products of the human mind, and are already discussing on this basis the deepest questions concerning man's origin and destiny, our philologists should be publishing to the world the evidence that they do not know what philology means. In Europe, philology, the science of the spiritual and its manifestations, is making such strides as will soon place it in a position to bid defiance to the dearest attempts of the science of the material to displace or discredit it; whereas in America, philology, in its present narrow and unfruitful position, can offer but a feeble resistance. Physical science in this country will probably gain the day, thanks to our philologists; and then woe to us! They may go on for a few years discussing Latin pronunciation and Greek accents, until at last they become a laughing-stock even to themselves. Then the men of science will have their way; we shall be carefully instructed how to supply all our animal wants, and taught that mind is but a galvanic battery, language the braying of a sponge-bellows, religion a disease, and mythology insanity. Then, perhaps, De Musset's question may seem pertinent:

"Mais vous, analyseurs, persévérants sophistes,  
Quand vous aurez tari tous les puits des déserts,  
Quand vous aurez prouvé que ce large univers  
N'est qu'un mort étendu sous les anatomistes;  
Quand vous aurez fait de la création  
Une cimetière en ordre, où tout aura sa place,  
Où vous aurez sculpté, de votre main de glace,  
Sur tous les monuments la même inscription;  
Vous, que ferez-vous donc dans les sombres allées  
De ce jardin muet?"

Unless we are to degenerate into mere animals, we must, with all our might, strive to uphold those sciences which keep mind and the immaterial in the foreground. Without by any means despising the physical sciences, or endeavoring to detract from their usefulness or hinder their study, we should endeavor to make it plain that those questions which are most important to man—God, freedom, immortality—are beyond their sphere. We must show, and that, too, empirically and inductively, that there is another series of sciences dealing with other objects, and discussing other and more fundamental questions. In precisely the same way in which the physicist studies the manifestations of force must we study the manifestations of mind in history, manners, language, fables, religion, and politics, not rejecting or despising its lowest or most abnormal developments. This is what the modern science of philology, in its widest sense, attempts to do.

It is as a noble contribution to this science, made by one of its most devoted and cultivated students, that we welcome these *Chips*, and hail their publication in this country as an event of no ordinary importance. There is enough in these essays to show to any careful reader what are the real meaning and scope of the science of philology, and sufficient to give a pretty clear idea of what has already been accomplished and what still remains to be done. They are calculated to inspire that enthusiasm which will ever fall more readily to the study of mind than to the study of matter. While they are brimful of erudition, they are written in a style that cannot fail to make them attractive to many who would be repelled from the dry works of most professed scholars. In a word, they are a real and permanent addition to English literature. That they contain views which increase of knowledge will in time enable the author to modify, or posterity to correct, can hardly be doubted; nevertheless, they will ever remain a monument of erudition, expressed in terms of culture.

The first volume, dedicated to Baron Bunsen, contains fifteen essays on the *Science of Religion*. With the exception of two, they were all originally written as reviews of particular books for different English periodicals. As reviews they are models; but beside this fact, and that of their great intrinsic value, they will be of service in pointing out to persons interested in philological studies recent works of importance, and in guarding them against the errors which others may contain. With the exception of the last four, they deal ostensibly with works treating of the Aryan nations; at the same time, however, many of them give expression incidentally to views on the science of religion generally. To Max Müller religion, however low and degraded its forms may appear, is always a sacred thing, an unconscious promise of a glorious possibility, interesting even in its beginnings, as are the earliest babblings of a first-born son to a fond mother or father. He sometimes seems to speak deprecatingly, as if he would say:

"Ah! look thou largely with lenient eyes  
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,  
For the possible beauty that underlies  
The passing phase of the meanest thing."

Of all these essays there is but one in regard to whose conclusions we should be disposed to have grave doubts, namely, the one on *The Meaning of Nirvāna*. Max Müller holds that *Nirvāna* means entire extinction, utter annihilation, and he quotes many seemingly irrefragable proofs of the correctness of his position. Still, when one remembers some of the expressions that were used by the Neo-Platonic philosophers, who certainly did not believe in the soul's annihilation, in regard to pure being, which they regarded as the highest of all ends and aims, we ought to be very careful how we criticise the attempts of the Indian philosophers to express the inexpressible. Porphyry says:

"The death of the essence whose being is in life, and whose affections are lives, must itself lie in a kind of life, not in an absolute deprivation of life; for lifelessness in it is not an affection or path to non-living altogether" (Sent. 23). "And generally they [the ancients] express it [the nature of incorporeal being] by means of the most contradictory terms, putting these together in order that we may eliminate from it those conceptions modelled upon bodies which obscure the characteristic properties of being" (Sent. 41). "There is no whence or whither for intellect (*νοῦς*), and hence also no movement; but energy as one, in one, free from increase and change and all evolution" (Sent. 44).

These passages bear a striking resemblance to some of the nihilistic assertions of the Buddhistic sages. How far Porphyry and his master Plotinus may have been influenced by them it would be hard to say; in any case the influence must have been indirect.

The second volume, which is dedicated to Jacob Bernays, of the University of Bonn, contains twelve essays on mythology, traditions, and customs, written for the most part, like those in the first volume, as reviews. By far the most interesting and valuable of them is the first, on "Comparative Mythology." It occupies 141 pages, and, though written in 1856, gives a very good general idea of the state of the science at the present moment. If we wished to arouse an opening mind to enthusiasm we know nothing which would be surer to produce the desired effect than this essay. We read it ten years ago, and cannot remember anything that produced so deep and lasting an impression except Fichte's *Bestimmung des Gelehrten*. The other essays which claim particular attention are the last two, on "Our Figures" and on "Caste." In the former our figures, which are usually called Arabic and whose origin is ascribed to the Semitic race, are vindicated for the Hindoos, and shown to have been originally nothing more than the initial letters of the Sanskrit names for the numerals.

There is only one thing in these volumes that will strike the ordinary reader as unwarrantable, and that is the certainty with which the author founds theories upon etymologies which, to say the least, are exceedingly doubtful. In the present imperfect condition of our knowledge, it is very unsafe to use etymology except as confirmatory of things already almost demonstrated independently. We believe no one has used etymology better or with more effect than Mommsen in his *Römische Geschichte*, but we do not remember any case in which he has used it as proof, though there are many in which he employs it to confirm the traditions of history. Max Müller, on the contrary, uses etymology to support a theory which we can only designate as a mere fancy. Arnold Ruge places as a motto on the title-page of his *Acht Reden* the words, "Theologie ist Meteorologie," which is narrow enough; but Max Müller goes further and almost asserts that theology is sunrise. To a poetical mind this is a very tempting theory, and it is no doubt very delightful to find it supported by etymology; nevertheless, we must affirm that it is after all only a fancy, and that etymology could be, and has been, enlisted with the same effect in the service of other equally plausible theories. Any one who wishes to see what can be done in this way should read a little work by Dr. Voigtmann, entitled *Dr. Max Müller's Bau-wan-Theorie, und der Ursprung der Sprache* (Leipzig: Bernard Schlicke, 1865). But making all deductions for forced etymologies and fanciful theories, we still affirm that this is the most valuable series of essays that has been offered to the American public for many a day. It only remains for us to say that the work is furnished with a copious index, and that the American reprint, though not altogether faultless, is still very creditable to printer and publisher.

#### IS LUCY LARCOM A POET?\*

WHEN publishers whose imprint on a book is almost *prima facie* evidence of its goodness fortify their judgment with the approval of so respectable an authority as Mr. Whittier, the poet, one is justified in expecting great things. Nicely printed on a little slip inserted between the pages we find Mr. Whittier's opinion of Miss Larcom, which is entitled to all the more consideration because it is a generous lift to a rival in the same branch of literature as Mr. Whittier himself. This is what he says:

"The announcement of a volume from the pen of Lucy Larcom will be welcomed by her many admirers in all parts of the country. Having had an opportunity to look over a portion of the manuscript, I do not hesitate to predict for the book a permanent popularity. Its author holds in rare combination the healthfulness of simple truth and common sense with a fine and delicate fancy, and an artist's perception of all beauty. Wholly without cant, affectation, or imitation, the moral tone of the more serious poems is noteworthy. The religious sentiment of New England never had a more winning and graceful interpreter, for she has succeeded in reconciling Puritanism with the liberal yet reverent spirit of modern inquiry. Her ballads have the true flavor and feeling of the breezy New England sea-coast."

Mr. Whittier's first statement we see no reason for doubting; it is rather an additional argument in Miss Larcom's favor that she has admirers in all parts of the country. It is highly creditable to Mr. Whittier's amiability that he should have looked over even a portion of the manuscript—manuscript poetry must be frightfully dull reading—and, so inspired to prophesy, should have unhesitatingly predicted for the book a permanent popularity. We dismiss the invidious thought that his magnanimous alacrity was prompted by a desire to escape the rest of the manuscript; his praise is too earnest and discriminating to be other than the expression of his matured judgment. To be sure, we were a little staggered by the inference that the religious sentiment of New England should need an interpreter, even a winning and graceful one, and we were more than puzzled to know what is the true flavor and feeling of the breezy New England sea-coast which we are to look for in Miss Larcom's ballads. Remembering Dr. Holmes's lines about

The smells . . .  
Of fishy Swampscott, salt Nahant,  
And leathery smells of Lynn,

it occurred to us not only that the true flavor and feeling of the breezy New England sea-coast must be hard to find, but that ballads having it would be rather unpleasant than otherwise. However, waiving the ambiguity of Mr. Whittier's

language, we take him at his evident intent to accord Miss Larcom's poetry a high place even in an age and a land of poets.

Having read the book, we find it impossible to avoid doubting either Mr. Whittier's judgment or his candor. The introductory poem, beginning,

"This is a haunted world. It hath no breeze,  
But is the echo of some voice beloved;  
Its pines have human tones; its billows wear  
The color and the sparkle of dear eyes," etc.,

gave us a slight feeling of uneasiness, it sounded so much like something we had heard a great many times before. The first poem, which is called *Hilary*, and begins,

"Hilary,  
"Summer calls thee, o'er the sea!  
Like white flowers upon the tide  
In and out the vessels glide;  
But no wind on all the main  
Sends thy blithe soul home again:  
Every salt breeze moans for thee,  
Hilary!"

added to our confusion. Turning at random, and almost in despair, to the poem called *Watching the Snow*, and reading,

"O snow! flying hither,  
And hurrying thither,  
Here, there, through the air—you never care whither—  
Do you see me here sitting,  
A-knitting, a-knitting,  
And wishing myself with you breezily flitting,  
Like any wild elf,"

our discomfiture was complete. Thenceforward we discarded Mr. Whittier; our rosy anticipations vanished, and we knew what we had to expect; we had read it all a great many times in the magazines. We knew there would be a vast deal of botanical erudition about star-eyed primroses, and azure glory of gentians, and splendid azaleas, and humble buttercups; we almost heard the bobolinks and bluebirds who were scattering floods of silver melody through those unexplored pages; we knew how the flowers would suggest the stars, and how stars would seem like heavenly flowers, and how very bright the world would be if we only looked at it rightly, and what a fairyland it was to the poet's eyes, and how sorrow purifies, and what a grand old commonwealth Massachusetts is, and what a glorious old flag it was that the boys from Newburyport and Lynn and Marblehead saved from the traitor's malice. Before reading them at all, we knew Miss Larcom's poems by heart, for we had read them all many times over many by different hands. Reading them again only confirmed the opinion that, however welcome her volume may be to her admirers in every part of the land, it can scarcely add to their number any one of keen critical appreciation, or win her, outside of New England, where a very little imagination goes a very great way, a place among the favored of the muse. Miss Larcom writes with a certain stereotyped fluency and prettiness; her verses are smooth, her grammar usually correct, her poetic effects usually well chosen, but she has very little imagination and no originality. There is no lack of pleasing fancies or felicities of expression, and the morality of the book is sound enough; but all this is not poetry. It is only a simulation of poetry, of which we have had more than enough, and which he does positive injury to the future of American literature who does not assist to discourage. In all Miss Larcom's book we find but two lines that strike us with a feeling of pleasurable novelty, as having any smack of genius. They are to be found in the poem called *Elsie in Illinois* (wherein the river of that name is called a "thread of silent joy"), and are as follows:

"Small the pleasure is to trace  
Boundlessness of commonplace."

Miss Larcom could hardly have written a more concise and exhaustive criticism on her book. Agreeing with her entirely, we here leave her, suggesting only in conclusion that English-speaking folk would not say "uncaring the whither or why," as she does in the verses called *Eureka*; that to use both forms of the second person singular of the personal pronoun in the same piece, as in *Psyche at School*, is an insult to the shade of Lindley Murray; and that *The Rose Enthroned* bears, in its main idea, a suspicious likeness to a poem called *The Birth of the Lily*, published long ago in the short-lived *Continental Magazine*.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

**REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.**—The current reviews and magazines maintain their average standards, but do not offer much that calls for extended comment. Dr. Hammond's bold paper "The Sanitary and Physiological Relations of Tobacco," in which he takes ground, and ably holds it, such as must be shocking to Mr. Parton and his disciples, is a feature of the April *North American*. The same number has a thoughtful, and lucid financial article—open to doubt in parts—from the pen of one of our most promising writers on this and cognate subjects—Mr. J. B. Hodgskin. A political essay, "The Session," is creditable to the taste as well as to the discernment of Mr. Henry Brooks Adams. "The Seven Cities of Sibola" will attract the attention of archaeologists, and is evidently the fruit of long and patient research. The *Southern Review* improves. The new number is very good, and has three articles of conspicuous interest, i.e., "What is Liberty?" "Positivism in England," and "The Battle of Gettysburg." The latter paper, however, contains some statements that Northern soldiers will seriously question. We hope the Southern people will sustain this publication. It is highly important to themselves that they should do so; and if times are hard the encouragement of free and bold speech on all sides of the momentous topics before the country is certain by its tendency to eliminate and uphold sound political and social principles and practice to make times easier. *Lippincott's* for May has some striking papers. "Rougeorge" would be very commendable indeed but for an unfortunate leaning to the commonplace and a certain provincialism or lack of taste in diction, which occasionally disfigures the productions of a lady who is, for all that, decidedly one of the best female writers we can boast. "Recollections of Washington Irving" are very readable, and "Dick Lyle's Fee" and "A Real Ghost Story," are of the stuff that magazine readers find most palatable. *Putnam's* is one of the best numbers we have seen of the new series, and there are marks of tact in the selection and arrangement of its contents not always so conspicuous in previous numbers. Professor Goldwin Smith's paper on Carlyle is what might have been expected, but will be read with

interest as the criticism of an able and honest thinker on one of the greatest men of our generation. "The Emperor's Eye" is a story of considerable vigor and attractiveness. It displays imagination and ingenuity, and the public will be glad to hear from its writer again. The *Atlantic* for May is very much like many of its predecessors. Its best article is, perhaps, "The New Taste in Theatricals," and its worst, "The Intellectual Character of General Grant." The first is graphic, picturesque, seductive in style, obviously the work of a scholarly, observant, and experienced hand; the second is crude, absurdly adulatory, *gauche* and conventional to a degree, and reads like a fourth-rate leader in the *Tribune*. It has rather an odd effect to find papers which, as literary productions, contrast so vividly, thus placed in immediate juxtaposition. The *Broadway* for May strikes us as better than usual, although the quality of this monthly has for some time been rising. There are two noteworthy papers on America in this number, the Rev. Newman Hall's and Mr. Sala's, and the last is embellished by about the best illustrations of places and things in this country that we have ever seen in a magazine.

**The Book of Psalms. Notes critical, explanatory, and practical. By Albert Barnes. Vols. II. and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.**—Few commentators have displayed so much painstaking research and judicious criticism in their elucidations of Holy Writ as the Rev. Albert Barnes; hence the great popularity which his works have deservedly acquired. On all questions of history, geography, national customs and peculiarities—in short, of mere matter of fact—he is generally trustworthy, though far from being a sound guide theologically. But this very peculiarity, this inability to travel out of the line of bare literalism, altogether disqualifies him as a commentator of the Psalms. Other portions of Scripture can be, and ought, perhaps, always to be, taken literally; the Psalms, never. Their special value and charm is not that they depict the experiences of a poetic soul long since passed to its rest, but that they embody in felicitous phraseology the checkered moanings and aspirations of devout minds in all ages, and foreshadow in mystic form the cardinal truths and doctrines of the gospel. Of all methods of interpreting them, we know none so appropriate, so suggestive of fresh, unhackneyed ideas, as that adopted by primitive and mediæval writers, and specimens of which, if we recollect rightly, were published by the late Dr. J. M. Neale, some seven or eight years ago. As a contrast between the two styles of treatment we give, in parallel columns, comments on Psalm xliii. 3: "O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles":

LITERAL—Mr. Barnes.

O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth. Send them forth as from thy presence; or let them be made manifest. The word *light* here is equivalent to favor or mercy, as when one prays for the "light of God's countenance;" and the idea is that now, in the time of darkness and trouble, when the light of God's countenance seemed to be withdrawn or hidden, he prays that God would impart light; that he would restore his favor; that he would conduct him back again to his former privileges. The word *truth* here is equivalent to *truthfulness* or *faithfulness*; and the prayer is that God would manifest his faithfulness to him, as one of his own people, by restoring him to the privileges and blessings from which he had been unjustly driven. Let them lead me—that is, let them lead me back to my accustomed privileges; let me go under their guidance to the enjoyments of the blessings connected with the place of public worship. Let them bring me unto thy holy hill. Mount Zion; the place where the worship of God was then celebrated, and hence called the "holy hill" of God. And to thy tabernacles. The tabernacle was the sacred tent erected for the worship of God, and was regarded as the place where Jehovah had his abode. The tabernacle was divided, as the temple was afterwards, into two parts or rooms, the holy, and the most holy place; and hence the plural term, *tabernacles*, might be employed in speaking of it. The language here implies that the author of the psalm was now exiled or banished from this; and hence, also, it may be inferred that the two psalms were composed by the same author and with reference to the same occasion. If the reference here, moreover, is to Mount Zion as the "holy hill," it may be observed that this would fix the composition of the psalm to the time of David, as before his time that was not the place of the worship of God, but was made "holy" by his removing the ark there. After his time the place of worship was removed to Mount Moriah, where the temple was built. It cannot be demonstrated, however, with absolute certainty that the reference here is to Mount Zion, though that seems in every way probable.

MYSTIC—Dr. Neale.

Here he sets forth the only way of his liberation; and what way is that but by the Incarnation? (Aryan). *Thy Light*: as it is written, "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (St. John i. 9). *Thy Truth*: as he said himself: "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (St. John xiv. 6). And therefore the Master of the Sentences uses the verse formally when writing "of the benefits of the Incarnation" (Lib. iii. dist. 19). *Light*, indeed, after so many centuries that darkness had covered the earth, and gross darkness the people! *Truth*, indeed, when these things, that were concealed from the wisest philosophers of Greece and Rome, are now revealed to babes and sucklings! Others will have it (St. Chrysost. Hesch.) that by *Light* the Son of God, by *Truth* the Holy Ghost, is more especially set forth. *That they may lead me*. So our translation (prayer-book version), and rightly. The Vulgate has, *they have led me*; then, with reference to the past benefits of the Incarnation. *Thy holy hill*. Take it of the Church militant, as almost all the commentators; not that I would much blame those who keeping our Lord's dear passion here, as always, before their eyes, see in the *Holy Hill* Mount Calvary (Hesch.). It is to be observed that in the "sending forth" the Greeks, followed by St. Ambrose, generally see an allusion to the First Advent; St. Augustine (De Spirit. s. xix.), with almost all the Latin Fathers, to the Second. And then truly the *light* will be shown which clearly distinguishes the tares from the wheat; and the *truth* which shall then definitely and for ever set the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. It is a beautiful idea of Hugh of St. Victor that by *light* is meant the faith by which we walk now; by *truth*, the reward which we are hereafter to possess; as if the reality would so far surpass all that faith can tell or hope desire here as to make their warmest aspirations little better than untruths. This was one of the many verses used against the Arians; the Trinity being set forth in him who sends, in the *Light* and in the *Truth*. The Jews were in the habit of referring the truth to Elijah, the light to the Messiah. And no doubt there is a reference to the Urim and Thummim, by which God's will was manifested on the stones of the High Priest's breast-plate. And to thy dwelling. Take the *holy hill* in what sense you will, there can be no doubt that the *dwelling* is the "habitation of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Therefore, the Incarnation; therefore, that *holy hill* up which the Lord bare the cross; therefore also that *holy hill* the Church Militant, all to this one end—that Calvary might end in Mount Carmel, that the Church of warfare might lead to the Church of peace.

Few, after comparing these widely different illustrations, but will acknowledge that, however valuable Mr. Barnes's critique may be, the true poetic spirit of the Psalms is better reflected by Dr. Neale. What an excellent commentary might be formed by a combination of these diverse interpretations!

**Child-World. By the Authors of Poems written for a Child. London: Strahan & Co.; New York: Routledge & Sons.**—One of the last tests usually applied to judge of the value of books for children, is whether or not they please the children themselves; and nearly all new juvenile literature is criticised from the grown-up stand-point. In this little collection very few of the poems are above childish comprehension, and most of them will delight the ears of the little ones. *The Little Schooner* has a sea-flavor and a simple pathos which any child can relish and appreciate, and *The Fairies' Nest, Buttercups versus Glow-worms, The Boy's Aspirations, What may happen to a Thimble*, are all delightful. We question, however, if many children will catch the meaning of such a poem as *Ogres*, and think it a blot on the general beauty of the book.



The tiny volume itself is in a dainty dress with gilt edges and handsome covers, and will gladden the heart of the seven or eight-year-old boy or girl who may receive it as a birthday or holiday gift. As a specimen of its contents we append a little poem called *Sunshine*:

"Little buds, little buds, toss your heads—  
Toss your heads, little truculent buds!  
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your beds,  
And welcome the sunshine in floods!  
How softly uncloses  
Each innocent daisy!  
Now roses, now roses!  
You must not be lazy;  
The beautiful sunshine  
Is shining for you—  
Unfurl your bright petals,  
And laugh at the dew.

"Hawthorn hedges, break out in a breath,  
With your delicate bouquets of snow;  
Start up, little thorns, with your promise of death  
Keep guard on the treasure below!  
Their blossoms of beauty  
The fruit-trees must scatter;  
They've done their bright duty,  
So what does it matter?  
They laugh with delight,  
As they flutter away,  
To see little berries  
Peep out at the day!

"Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;  
Pour your golden enchantment on all!  
We spring into life for the worship of you—  
Be ready to answer our call!  
No whimsical hiding,  
No clouds fling before you:  
'Tis you we take pride in,  
'Tis you must adore you!  
What creatures would scatter  
Their beauty and grace,  
For a king who refuses  
A glimpse of his face!"

*Breaking a Butterfly; or, Blanche Ellerslie's Ending.* By the Author of *Guy Livingstone*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—In spite of a great deal of sketchiness and laziness in parts, we are inclined to say this is the best novel Mr. Lawrence has written. There is rather more fashionable slang in it than is agreeable, to say nothing of its taste; but the characters are sharply marked, have an air of considerable originality, and, when there is anything serious in hand, it is managed with no little power. Mark Ramsay and Anstruther are remarkable studies in their way, and, although there appears something anomalous in making the courage of a man intrinsically base contrast so forcibly with the cowardice of another who is almost noble—we refer to the climax and catastrophe of the tale—we are not prepared to say it is not true to nature. Blanche Ellerslie herself is rather colorless compared with the males who surround her, but Alice Irving has definite hues, and inspires an interest not diminished by detestation. Horace Kendall is very good indeed, and an exceedingly slight sketch of Nina's father, Lord Daventry, is capital. Mr. Lawrence's soldiers are usually very well drawn, and there are several in *Breaking a Butterfly* who are no exception to the rule. The book is very interesting, apart from its more subtle, or, as we may say, psychological merits, and will be widely read.

*That Boy of Norcott's.* By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Bros.—Roger Norcott, father of the nominal hero of this story, but, by force of distinctiveness, powerful drawing, and curious realism, the true hero himself, is among the very best pictures the clever and versatile artist has ever given us. Mr. Lever has written many interesting stories, most of them of an exceedingly light character, but his intellect appears to mellow and deepen as he grows older, and this tale is a proof of the fact. *That Boy of Norcott's* is the work of a far stronger and surer hand than that which penned *Charles O'Malley*, and if, as a novel, it is not more engrossing, it is simply because stories can hardly be written that are more so. The weakest and least able parts of the book are toward the end, where the author seems to weary of his task and to want to get at something else; but even here there are quaint bits of drawing that command interest and deserve praise. The book, however, is essentially a book of one character; and utterly reprehensible as is the older gentleman from a moral point of view, we can hardly help regretting on all other grounds that *That Boy of Norcott's* is so little like his father.

*Eudoxia: A Picture of the Fifth Century.* Freely translated from the German of Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1869.—This story, suggested by and partly founded upon historical occurrences, illustrates and displays the manners and peculiar characteristics of persons belonging to the Roman imperial court at the close of the fourth century, when the old world was dying out and the degenerate empire of the Cæsars fast fading away. In the character of Gunilda—by far the most consistent in the book—the author aims to exhibit the struggles and changes of feelings and thought which an individual undergoes in searching after religious conviction. Eudoxia herself awakens neither admiration nor sympathy; she is scarcely less contemptible than her husband, and the women by whom she is surrounded have no claim to any special interest. Scheming, deceitful, and frivolous, they are unworthy of the trouble which the author has taken to describe them, though, perhaps, the modern votaries of paint and enamel may learn something from the seventeenth chapter of the book. It is to be regretted that more elaborate work has not been bestowed upon the character of the great Patriarch of Constantinople. Chrysostom might have been rendered much more prominent with great advantage to the story.

*Evening by Evening; or, Readings at Eventide for the Family or the Closet.* By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.—This is the sequel to a former work by the same author entitled *Morning by Morning*, and consists of upwards of three hundred short expositions of passages of Holy Writ, each reading or meditation occupying a page, and the whole being intended to be read through in a year. The idea is a good one, and these fragments of fugitive thoughts, often very poetical and forcible, will be found acceptable, we think, to a large section of the public. The best part of the book is the preface; the hymns at the close are, as a whole, selected with little judgment.

*Mark, the Match Boy.* By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: Loring.—Here and there through this book are touches of tenderness and pathos, and the story exhibits some interesting phases of juvenile life in New York. Mark is a young orphan of ten, compelled to sell matches for a drunken hag, who beats him severely, and half-starves him into the bargain, if he does not bring home money enough to satisfy her cravings for whiskey. The boy, however, is befriended by a Mr. Hunter, formerly a boot-black, and ultimately proves to be the lost grandson of Mr. Hiram Bates, a wealthy Milwaukee merchant. Ben Gibson is a good specimen of a precocious New York gamin, and Mrs. Flanagan exhibits the touching genuine sympathy that the poorest classes so often show for their companions in poverty and suffering.

*Lost in Paris, and Other Tales.* By Edwin Hodder. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—The printing, illustrations, and binding of this volume are all good; but when we have said that, we have exhausted all we can say in its favor. The stories, of which there are about a dozen, are very uninteresting.

*The Well Spring.* Boston: Congregational Sabbath-School and Publishing Society.—Admirably adapted for young children; well printed, and beautifully illustrated.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- G. W. CARLETON, New York.—Hilt to Hilt; or, Days and Nights on the Banks of the Shenandoah in the Autumn of 1864. By John Estlin Cooke. Pp. 270. 1869.  
The Cloud on the Heart: A novel. By A. S. Roe. Pp. 315. 1869.  
Warwick; or, The Lost Nationalities of America: A novel. By Mansfield Tracy Walworth. Pp. 470. 1869.  
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Malay Archipelago, The Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise: A narrative, with studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Pp. 638. 1869.  
COWAN & CO., New York.—The Science of a New Life. By John Cowan, M.D. Pp. 405. 1869.  
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Tommy Try, and what he did in Science. By Charles Otley Groom Napier. With forty-six illustrations, engraved by J. D. Cooper and others. Pp. 393. 1869.  
The Works of George Herbert in Prose and Verse. Edited by Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood. Pp. 456. 1869.  
The Poetical Works of John Dryden. Pp. 424. 1869.  
CLARK & MAYNARD, New York.—The Symbolism of Freemasonry, Illustrating and Explaining its Science and Philosophy: its Legends, Myths, and Symbols. By Albert G. Mackey, M.D. Pp. 364. 1869.  
No Sects in Heaven, and Other Poems. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland. Pp. 100. 1869.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—Improved Modern Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages. By Ferdinand E. A. Gasc. New Edition. Pp. 647. 1869.  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, New York.—The Swiss Family Robinson. By Mary Godolphin. Pp. 165. 1869.  
Evenings at Home. By Mary Godolphin. Pp. 161. 1869.

#### PAMPHLETS.

- D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—The Poetical Works and Remains of Henry Kirke White. With Life by Robert Southey.  
LORING, Boston.—Loring's Railway Library. The Girls of Faversham.  
The Spectator, Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, Annual Report of the Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York, Scott's Monthly Magazine, The Brooklyn Monthly, North-western Farmer, The Workshop, Every Saturday, The Schoolmate.

#### TABLE-TALK.

ESTABLISHED reputation and relaxed effort are apt to be simultaneous. The fame of the *Saturday Review* for scathing satire and polished irony is so widely diffused that its conductors seem to feel that they can afford now to rest upon their oars, and trust for headway to the momentum already acquired. Very often of late we have rebuked ourselves for seeming to find a suspicion of dulness in its trenchant columns; but suspicion became certainty when we read the review of *A Yankee Minor Poet* in the number for March 6. Now, Mr. John M. Dagnall, its subject, is, unhappily for himself and the world, not so widely known as his merits deserve. Our readers, however, have at least heard of him, for some months ago we briefly noticed the remarkable and original poem, *The Mexican*, which the *Saturday*, in the article mentioned, crushes under the weight of three columns of rather flat irony. The peculiarity of Mr. Dagnall is that he is extravagantly, preposterously, uproariously funny, the funniest poet we ever remember to have read, unless it be poor Mr. Sidney Dobell, or Mr. Tennyson in his later and more genial moods; and to have handled him at all without imbibing some portion of his profuse comicality certainly indicates in his English reviewer a most talented obtuseness. Not the least laughable thing about the book is the string of ironical praises (collected from various papers and printed at the end) of a previous poem, *Daisy Swain*, which the author has plainly taken in all good faith and seriousness. And our excellent *Saturday Reviewer*, in accepting them with equal gravity as *bonâ fide* endorsements, seems to set himself on a level in point of intelligence with Mr. John M. Dagnall himself. To be sure, Vermont magazines and Boston daily papers are not the very highest critical authorities in the land; but we should think very ill of even a Vermont magazine which quoted, as proof that the *Saturday Review* upheld Mr. Dagnall, the statement that "on the whole it is clear that since the publication of *Daisy Swain* and *The Mexican* the reputation of Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge has been hopelessly doomed." Irony we know is dangerous, and, as we have more than once been made to discover, apt to be misunderstood by the rural press; but not even many country papers would commit such a blunder as that. Still fewer, we trust—supposing Mr. Dagnall for the nonce to be an inspired Cockney instead of an inspired Yankee, another Mr. Tupper or Mr. Dobell, as it were, having printed at the end of his book the approving judgment of a single American journal among a host of British praises,—still fewer, we trust, supposing this to be the case, would be guilty of the disingenuousness of quoting that judgment as if it were the language of his London publishers. We don't know what English paper gave vent to the enthusiastic utterances that in Mr. Dagnall's work "nothing is stilted;" that "the poet's thoughts spring spontaneously from the subject; and his verse is unaffected, and free from the restraints of mechanical mannerism on which so many poets rely for their reputation." We might think Mr. Dagnall quite capable of having forged this opinion of an entirely mythical English paper, if the language only were a little less ungrammatical. But the *Saturday* certainly has no right to father the counterfeit on the unhappy publishers, who have committed no worse crime than aiding Mr. Dagnall to amuse us. Our contemporary is free to satirize our minor poets to its heart's content; we think our columns, and our minor poets themselves, will abundantly testify that our patriotism has never been allowed to blind our appreciation. It may even call us Yankees, if it will; terrible as the sarcasm is, we shall affect to carry it off good-humoredly. It may make what fun of our authors and critics it pleases, and can; there is surely room enough for it, and none will be readier than we to cry it God-speed. We only ask that it shall be clever as well as ill-natured; that it shall be bright and sharp

and pointed as well as malignant. So shall the wound be half forgotten in the skill and grace of the assault; if one must be cut to pieces, let it be with a keen-edged rapier rather than a rusty cleaver.

A PAPER was recently read on steam carriages on common roads before the Society of Practical Engineers. Doubtless in time such steam carriages will be common, but the first step toward this consummation must lie in the improvement of our roads. At present they are mere mud-puddles in wet weather and dust-bins in dry. Anything like a good macadamized road is a rarity, though upon the present miserable apologies enough money is laid annually as would, with honest expenditure, be amply sufficient to keep them in first-class order. But upon roads, as upon more important matters, contractors grow fat, and the unfortunate public patiently endures to be fleeced. In England and France, where a bad road is the exception, steam has made some advances within the past years. The carriages, however, are mainly traction engines with endless railroads, of huge size and power, and adapted only to moving heavy weights. Lighter and quicker vehicles for passengers are still curiosities. But if we cannot hope just yet to supplant horseflesh and human muscles by steam and iron on ordinary roads, we see no impediment whatever to the introduction of steam on our city railroads, and if the ingenuity of our practical engineers was only directed to this field we should not have to wait long for substantial fruits. The city railroads seem to be the natural gradation between the railroad and the pike. With sufficient brake-power a steam car on them could be handled with the same if not greater facility than the present cars, as steam is even more tractable than horses. The main difficulty is to invent some safe, simple, effective, and portable apparatus that might be attached to the present cars, and would not frighten horses—and the solution of the problem is undoubtedly within the range of modern skill. Any attempt to invent a new style of carriage and revolutionize the present system would be certain to meet with failure. Engineers must accept present conditions, and make the best of them. Steam once adopted, improvements would naturally follow.

WE record with deep sorrow the untimely death of Mr. Charles B. Seymour, for some years past the musical and dramatic editor of the *New York Times*. Mr. Seymour expired on Sunday, the 2d inst., at his home in Union Square, of what is called rheumatism of the brain. He was a young man still—not yet 40—having been born in London, December 13, 1829, and was thus cut off in the prime of his usefulness. His singular fitness for the position he filled, his scholarship, taste, and refinement, added to his kindness of heart and unvarying gentleness of manner, were highly appreciated, and his death leaves a void not easily or lightly to be filled. The funeral took place from Grace Church on Wednesday, and was numerously attended. Mr. Seymour's case furnishes another example of writing men succumbing to diseases of the brain—a fresh warning against overwork of a sort perhaps more dangerous than any other.

We have before us a small pamphlet issued by the "New York Oxy-Hydrogen Heat and Light Company." What that organized body intends to do is not very evident from their prospectus, which is about as indefinite as such documents usually are; but as far as we can make out they propose to double the production of ordinary coal-gas by passing superheated steam through the retorts after the usual emission of the gas has ceased. The steam coming in contact with the incandescent carbon is decomposed, the oxygen uniting with the carbon to form carbonic oxide, and the hydrogen to produce carburetted hydrogen. But there is certainly nothing new in this, as may be seen in a description of the manufacture of coal-gas we once remember reading in *Cassell's Popular Educator*, where this particular plan, which has long been known and practised, and was first, if we recollect rightly, adopted at Manchester, England, is fully described. The company also refers to a method of utilizing the hydrogen which passes off from the retorts in combinations other than illuminating gas; but they have taken care to say so little about it, and that little is so ambiguously worded, that one cannot help suspecting there is more smoke than fire. No doubt improvements will be made in the manufacture of gas; but many of the new lights of which we read now and again such flaming accounts prove to be practically mere will-o'-the-wisps.

A NEW religious weekly journal entitled the *Living Church* will be published in New York at an early date. Its principles will be liberal and progressive, and its literary staff, which contains a long list of able writers, should secure for it a permanent place in journalism.

THE New York Polyglot Bureau—a society of educated translators, presided over by Professor F. L. O. Röhrig—ought, in a great commercial metropolis like this, to find abundant scope. Mr. Röhrig possesses very satisfactory credentials from some of our best local lingual authorities, and we trust his institution will meet with success.

MADRID can boast of upwards of sixty political journals. The most popular is the *Correspondencia*, which prints daily 50,000 copies, and is, as it professes, a "universal diary of news"—a universal impartial encyclopedical, indefatigable gossip-picker. Home and foreign intelligence, personal, political, commercial—all is given in a heap of confused paragraphs; the editor evidently throwing all items of information in a bag like the numbers of the lottery, drawing them up at hap-hazard, printing them down, *pêle-mêle*, higgledy-piggledy, and leaving it for the reader to pick up the plums as he best can out of the indigestible paste of the pudding which is served out smoking hot before him. The *Correspondencia* is published between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. It is an event—the winding-up event of the day—as inevitable as the rising of the sun in the morning. The town is just composing itself to its night's calmness; the latest shops are closed; the last carriages have been driven to the theatres; the crowds in the streets are thinning—when, punctual to a minute, the talismanic name of the great budget of news is bawled about by a thousand stentorian throats. A new throb of life pervades every quarter, only subsiding by imperceptible degrees, and not dying away till two or three o'clock after midnight. They call it the "nightcap," because most people take it to bed with them. The paper is wretched, the ink abominable, the printing detestable; you cannot touch it without soiling your fingers. Such is a true and fair specimen of a Spanish newspaper.

THE plot of a new burlesque, entitled *Hypermuestra, the Girl of the Period*, is thus described by a London paper:

"A king of Greece, having fifty daughters, is at his wit's end to know how to dispose of them, when the King of Egypt, having fifty sons, desires to marry them to the daughters of Greece. The father of the young ladies accepts the offer with joy, but an old fortune-teller warns him that one of his sons will usurp his throne and put him to death, whereupon he orders each of his daughters to marry her husband on the first night of their marriage. All the daughters but one, out of pity for their father, reluctantly consent to the command, but the recalcitrant princess saves her spouse, and this young gentleman soon afterwards fulfils the fortune-teller's prediction. The dresses of the girls are splendid, and, notwithstanding they show a great extent of flesh tights, it must be acknowledged that the manager has taken care to select only those young ladies whose legs are of good shape. The most entertaining scene is where the girls appear in their bed-gowns and night-caps, each holding a dagger and a chamber candlestick. This is, we believe, a novel idea altogether, but we think that very few of the princes would have selected a bride from among them if he had first seen them in this most unbecoming attire."

WE notice that a royal commission has just been appointed in England "to make inquiries into private and family collections of papers and manuscripts of public interest, to the end that such as are of historical or social value may be published." The idea is a good one, and may furnish a hint to our authorities. Among the family archives of old settlers of New England, Virginia, and other states, there are doubtless many private documents, etc., of national interest and importance which, with a little judicious outlay, could now easily be secured. Delays, proverbially dangerous, are specially so in a case like this, as moth and rust, mildew and damp, and the more formidable ravages of fire, are daily destroying manuscripts of great historical value which can never be replaced.

WHO wants, asks the *Athenæum*, to see "the largest Bible in the world"? The late Mr. John Gray Bell, of Manchester, an untiring print-collector and book-hunter, devoted many years to the illustration of the Bible by inserting in Macklin's folio edition above a thousand original drawings and photographs, and nearly ten thousand engravings, with 360 specimen leaves of old and rare editions of the Bible. The result was sixty-three handsomely-bound folio volumes, with double the number of illustrations contained in the famous Bowyer Bible of forty-five volumes. This big Bible is now on sale.

THE death of Mr. William Bradbury, of the publishing firm of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, is announced, at the ripe age of 70.

MR. HAZLIT is about to publish a volume of curious tracts on the stage and players of the Elizabethan and Jacobite times.

THOMAS BROWN, of the well-known publishing firm of Longman, Brown & Co., died recently, in his 91st year. Originally he was a Blue-coat boy.

*Crow's Feet* is this week unavoidably omitted, the manuscript, duly forwarded by the author, having been accidentally mislaid.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for May contains a long poem by George Eliott.

THE *Glowworm*, after flickering for nearly four years, has been extinguished.

## CHESS.

THOSE who read our Chess columns will have observed that, although the noble game may almost be ranked as a science, yet we claim for it no higher position than that of an intellectual recreation. Players, therefore, while studying their moves as deeply and thoughtfully as possible, should eschew the custom of pondering and looking at the board for an unreasonable time—should, in fact, avoid falling into a habit of slow play. This when indulged in by a young player grows into a vice as he becomes older; but by training and resolution a "lively style of play" may, we are sure, be easily attained. In important matches where a large stake—and perhaps professional standing—are involved, great analysis is required, and a single game may be protracted (as has sometimes happened) for two or three days; but as a rule, over the board we consider that an hour is quite sufficient for a friendly and even thoughtful game. Let us suggest to all players to shun slowness, which fatigues both parties, and to resign when further conflict is useless. A graceful and timely resignation almost condones defeat, and gives the conquered player a more speedy chance of recovering his laurels.

### GAME LV.

Played at the New York Chess Club between Messrs. Thompson and Mackenzie, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

#### REMOVE BLACK'S KBP.

WHITE—Mr. T. BLACK—Mr. M.

1. P to K4. 1. Kt to KR3

A perfectly safe move, though somewhat inferior to Kt to QB3 or P to K3.

2. P to Q4. 2. Kt to KB2

3. P to KB4. 3. P to Q4

4. P to K5

We should have preferred taking P with P. The move made leads to a variation of the French opening generally considered unfavorable to the first player.

5. Kt to QB3. 4. B to KB4

6. B to K3. 5. P to K3

Preventing the advance of QBP.

7. B to Q3. 6. B to QKt5

8. Q to KR5 ch. 7. Kt to KR3

9. Castles. 8. K to Q2

10. P takes B. 9. B takes Kt

11. P to KR3. 10. Q to K2

12. P to Kt4. 11. Kt to QB3

13. K to Q2. 12. Q to QR6 ch

14. K takes B. 13. B takes B

15. P to KB3. 14. QR to KB

An almost compulsory sacrifice, as White's Pawns must soon have proved irresistible if allowed to advance.

16. P takes Kt. 16. R takes P

17. Q to Kt4. 17. KR to KB

18. B to QB

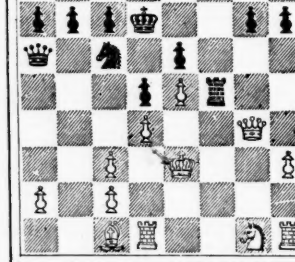
He would have done better in bringing his pieces on the King's side into play.

19. K to K3. 18. Q to QR3 ch

20. Kt takes KP. 19. Kt takes KP

This sacrifice is quite sound and results in a won game for Black. We give a diagram of the position before Black's 19th move:

BLACK.



WHITE.

20. Q takes KtP ch. Had he taken the Kt he would have been mated in a very few moves.

21. Q takes Kt. 20. KR to B2

Evidently the best move under existing circumstances.

22. P takes R. 21. R takes Q ch

White has now more than an equivalent in force for his lost Queen, but his pieces are so unfortunately situated, that we believe it to be impossible for him to save the game.

23. R to Q4. 22. Q to QKt3 ch

24. R to Kt4. 23. P to QB4

25. B to Q2. 24. R to KB3

26. R to Q4. 25. P to QB5 dis ch

27. K to K2. 26. Q to Q

28. B to K3. 27. Q to KB

29. R to KB4. 28. R to QR3

30. R to Kt4. 29. Q to Kt2

31. R to KB4. 30. Q to KB2

Capturing the KP would obviously be fatal.

32. K to B3. 31. Q to Kt3

33. R to KB7 ch. 32. Q takes QBP

34. R to KB4. 33. K to K

35. R to Kt4. 34. R takes QRP

36. R to KR4. 35. P to KR4

37. K to B4. 36. Q to Kt7 ch

37. Q to K5 ch. And wins.

### GAME LVI.

Played in the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. Gilberg and Phelan.

#### SCOTCH GAMBIT.

WHITE—Mr. P. BLACK—Mr. G.

1. P to K4. 1. P to K4

2. Kt to KB3. 2. Kt to QB3

3. P to Q4. 3. P takes P

4. B to QB4. 4. B to QB4

5. Kt to Kt5. 5. Kt to KR3

6. Kt takes KBP. Queen to KR5 is stronger.

7. B takes Kt ch. 6. Kt takes Kt

8. Q to KR5 ch. 7. K takes B

All this attack on the part of White in our opinion is premature, and gives the second player decidedly the better game.

9. Q takes B. 8. P to Kt3

10. Q to Kt5. 9. P to Q3

This is the old-fashioned mode of defending this phase of the Scotch Gambit; the modern move of Pawn to Q4, however, is considered to give Black a more immediate advantage in position.

11. Castles. 10. B to K3

12. B takes Q. 11. Q takes Q

13. P to Kt4. 12. Kt to K4

14. P to KB3. 13. Kt to QB5

15. P takes P. 14. P takes P

16. P to Q4. 15. B to Q4

17. B to KB4. 16. Kt to Kt

18. P to Kt3. 17. KR to Kt

18. QR to K



19. Kt to Q2  
20. P to QB4  
B takes Kt followed by P takes P seems preferable.  
21. P to KR3  
22. K to R2  
Well played; whether White take the Kt or not, his adversary gets an overwhelming attack.  
23. P takes Kt  
24. K to R3  
25. K to R4

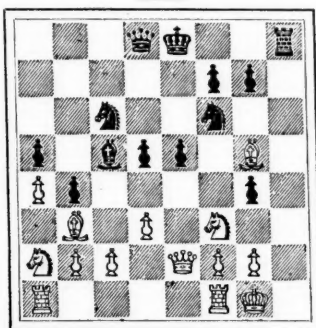
### GAME LVII.

Played in a match between Messrs. Anderssen and Zukertort.

### GIUOCO PIANO.

WHITE—Mr. Z. BLACK—Mr. A.  
1. P to K4 2. P to K4  
3. Kt to KB3 3. Kt to QB3  
4. P to QB4 4. P to QB4  
5. P to Q4 5. P takes P  
6. B takes P 6. B to Kt5 ch  
7. B to Q2 7. B takes B ch  
8. QKt takes B 8. P to Q4  
9. P takes QP 9. Kt takes P  
10. Q to QKt3 10. QKt to K2  
11. Castles 11. Castles  
Up to this point the moves on both sides are all "book."  
12. KR to K 12. KR to B3  
13. Kt to K5 13. Kt to KB4  
14. QKt to KB3 14. Q to Q3  
15. P to QR4 15. R to QKt  
16. QR to Q 16. B to K3  
17. Kt to Kt5 17. P to QKt4  
18. P takes P 18. Kt takes P  
19. Q to KR3 19. Kt to KR3  
If P to KR3, White replies with Kt to K4, having an excellent position.  
20. Kt takes B 20. P takes Kt  
21. B takes Kt 21. Q takes B  
22. Kt to KB3  
The game has now every appearance of a "draw," and correctly played on each side ought, we believe, to have so terminated.  
23. R to QB  
Mr. Z. in his notes to the game remarks that he ought to have gone with the other Rook to K5  
24. R to QB5 24. Q to Kt6  
25. QR to Kt5 25. Kt to KB4  
26. Q to Kt4  
Necessary to prevent the Queen from being shut in by Rook to Kt3.  
27. Q to K4 26. R to Kt5  
28. Kt to Q2 27. Kt to Q1  
29. Kt takes Q 28. Kt takes Q  
30. R takes QKtP 29. Kt takes KBP  
30. Kt to KR6 ch

31. K to R 31. Kt to KB5  
32. Kt to QB5 32. Kt to K7  
33. R to QKt7 33. R to KB7  
34. Kt to K4  
An excellent move both for attack and defence.  
34. R on B7 tks KtP  
A fatal mistake; Mr. Anderssen evidently must have overlooked the full bearing of White's last move, or he would doubtless have retired his Rook to KB square, which in all probability would have led to a drawn game.  
35. R to QKt8 ch 35. K to B2  
36. R to KB ch  
And Black resigns, as if King go to K2 he is mated in three moves, by K to QKt7 ch, etc.  
END GAME.—The subjoined remarkable termination occurred in a game in which Mr. Kolisch gave the odds of QR and move to Mr. Mandolfo, of Trieste:



WHITE. BLACK.  
White (Mr. Mandolfo) had the move, and the game proceeded as follows:  
WHITE—Mr. M. BLACK—Mr. K.  
1. Kt takes KP 1. Kt to Q5  
2. Q to K 2. Kt to K5  
An admirable stroke of play, which decides the game in Black's favor, let White play as he may.  
3. B takes Q  
Taking the Kt would have been equally fatal; for example:  
3. P takes Kt 3. Q takes B  
4. P takes QP 4. Q to KR4  
5. Kt to Kt6 dis ch 5. K to Q2  
6. Kt takes R 6. P to Kt6  
And White cannot avoid mate.  
3. Kt to Kt6  
A beautiful sequence to Black's last move.  
4. Kt to Kt6 dis ch 4. Kt to K7 ch  
5. Q takes Kt ch 5. Kt takes Q mate

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. Paris.—The April number of your excellent Magazine has just come to hand. We shall be glad to put you on our exchange list.  
H. D. S., Jackson, Mich.—The game sent is so full of misprints as to render it unintelligible. Your request has been attended to.  
C. N. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—Please forward a corrected version of the three-move problem; in your copy both the White King and Queen are made to occupy QR 8th square. Solutions correct.  
CHICAGO vs. FORT WAYNE.—A match by telegraph has been arranged between the respective Chess Clubs of Chicago and Fort Wayne, play to commence some day during the present week. A preliminary game by telegraph has already been contested between the two clubs, the Fort Wayne players opening with an "Evan's Gambit," which, however, on account of the lateness of the hour, had to be adjourned after 14 moves had been made on both sides. We have not yet heard in whose favor the game was decided.

TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK.—Play in the Tourney at the Division Street Café has been postponed until the 10th inst., the proprietor of the establishment having found it impossible to complete in season the contemplated alterations and improvements for the convenience of his guests.

BLACKBURN vs. DE VERE.—The match between these players, to have commenced on the 12th ult. at the London Chess Club, has, we learn, been postponed indefinitely, owing to some misunderstanding connected with the amount of money to be staked.

### SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

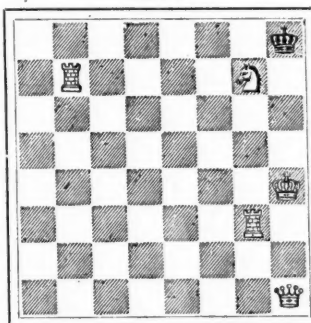
PROBLEM XXXV.  
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Kt7 1. B takes Q (a)  
2. Kt to KB5 ch 2. K to K4  
3. P to Q4 ch 3. K to K3  
4. Kt to Q8 mate (a)  
2. Q takes B ch 1. B takes QP (b)  
3. B to QR2 ch 2. K to B5  
4. Q to QB3 mate 3. P to Kt6  
(b)  
2. Kt takes B ch 1. R to KR3  
3. P to Q4 ch 2. K to K4  
4. Kt tks BP mate 3. K to K3

PROBLEM XXXVI.  
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to QB4 1. Kt to K2 (a)  
2. Q to Kt7 ch 2. K moves  
3. Q to KB7 or QB7 mate (a)  
2. Q to Kt6 ch 1. P Queens (b)  
3. Q to Q6 mate 2. K to K2  
(b)  
2. Q to K4 ch 1. K to K3  
3. Q to K5 or K8 mate 2. K moves  
(c)  
1. K to B4 (c)  
2. K to B5

PROBLEM XXXVII. By Mr. E. B. Cook, Hoboken, N. J.

From American Chess Nuts.

BLACK.

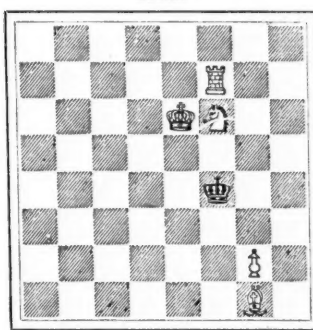


WHITE.  
White to play and checkmate in two moves.

PROBLEM XXXVIII. By Mr. V. Knorre.

From the Neue Berliner Schachzeitung.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and checkmate in three moves.

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